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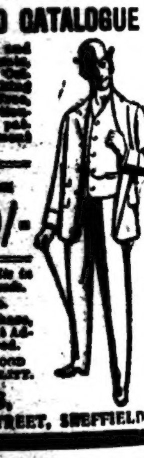

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No. 737. Transmission at Book Rates. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 1, 1904. Entered at Stationers' Hall. One Penny.

HE WAS TOO TRUSTFUL.

Little Girl (winding up pitiful yarn): "And as for poor muvver, sir, why she ain't bin able to stir out o' doors for the past three months."

Benevolent Old Gent: "Dearie me, the same old tale—honest but unfortunate. Here's a sixpence, my poor child; and now tell me where does your mother live?"

Poor Child: "'Ollerway Gaol at present, sir."

Old Gent retires.

"Just one little kiss," he pleaded.

"But only a little one," she said, relenting.

"Of course," he replied. "How could I look for a big one from so small a mouth?"

And after that he got as many as he wanted.

The man who reads other people's literature and forgets to return it, happened to find his friend busy with paste and scissors.

"Ha, ha!" said the caller. "Going to keep a scrap-book, are you?"

"Yes," was the unsmiling reply. "I think I'll manage to keep it. Nobody ever wants to borrow scrap-books, you know."

INSULT SOMEWHERE.

"Never heard what broke up their friendship? Dear me! I thought everyone had heard that. Brown is engaged, you know."

"Oh, yes! I've heard that. Was White in love with the same girl?"

"No, no. Not at all. But White saw her portrait in Brown's room and asked whose it was. 'It's a picture of my *fiancée*,' said Brown. White examined it critically, and then put it down with the remark that she must be very rich. I don't know what happened after that, but White was taken home in a cab and neither of them was seen out of doors for a week."

Blonde: "Yes, dear papa is very generous. On my birthday anniversaries he always gives me a sovereign for each year I have lived."

Brunette (witheringly): "Indeed? That must have been the money Charlie Doubleday meant when he said you had a fortune in your own right."

Professor: "Which is the most delicate of the senses?"

Pupil: "The touch."

Professor: "Prove it."

Pupil: "When you sit on a pin, you can't see it, you can't hear it, you can't taste it, but it's there."

SICK VIOLINS.

Some obscure but definite change takes place in the material of the body of a violin through the vibrations of the music produced, and it is very possible that some stages of this change are detrimental to the tone. The style of playing is said to influence the change, and rest checks it.

The maturing of a violin has been compared with the growth of a child, who progressively increases in wisdom and stature, but has stages of weakness, due to the irregular development of parts.

The tone of an instrument is also gravely influenced by the setting up of the movable parts, the sound-posts, the strings, the bridge, and even the pegs.

Many instruments lose much of their power or sweetness if the sound-post is altered a fractional amount from its best position and angle, if the bridge is inclined a little more or less, or shifted, or if the strings are not exactly suited to the violin. Some instruments prefer one pitch, and others another, and all vary with the weather. In addition to this, the best players have moods when they cannot play, and the instrument is often blamed for these.

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TRYSTING TIME.

Telling that Love never Grows Old.

Do you remember, love, to-day,
When we were lass and lad,
Our hearts were young, the world was gay,
And every hour was glad?
When first we wandered, through the lea,
To Love's enchanted clime,
'Twas Springtime in the land, but we—
We called it "Trysting Time."

'Tis Autumn now—this world of ours
Has seen full many a Spring,
But in them all we found the flow'rs
And heard the wild birds sing!
And still, as hand in hand we list
Unto the sweet bells' chime,
I know that we, across the mist,
Remember "Trysting Time!"

I look into your eyes and see
The love that then they told;
This world of ours, to you, to me,
Will never quite grow old!
Though skies above be sad and grey,
And life's a hill to climb,
Thank God that in our hearts to-day
It still is "Trysting Time!"

ILLUSTRATING THE MEANING.

Teacher: "Have you looked up the meaning of the word 'imbibes,' Fanny?"

Fanny: "Yes, ma'am."

Teacher: "Well, what does it mean?"

Fanny: "To take in."

Teacher: "Yes; now give a sentence using the word."

Fanny: "My aunt imbibes boarders."

Her Father: "Young man, you've been calling here quite frequently of late. Now what is your object?"

Young Man: "To become your daughter's subject."

Hostess: "You appear to be in deep thought, Tommy."

Tommy: "Yes'm. Mamma told me if you asked me to have some cake I was to say something, an' I've been here so long now I forget what it was."

HONESTY PAYS.

Jim: "Honesty is the best policy, after all."

Bill: "How?"

Jim: "Remember that dog I stole?"

Bill: "Yes."

Jim: "Well, I tried two whole days to sell 'im, an' no one offered more'n five shillings; so I went, like a honest man, an' guv him to th' ole lady what owned him, an' she guv me a suvrin'."

Clara: "Did you lose your presence of mind when he attempted to kiss you?"

Maud: "Yes, for a moment. Why, I nearly told him to stop."

Slowpay: "Doctor, I suppose you can recommend your tailor to me?"

Doctor: "Certainly, but you will have to get someone else to recommend you to my tailor."

Squire (who has invited tenant to lunch): "Will you have a little fowl, Mr. Stubbins?"

Stubbins: "I am not over-hungry, sir, but if the fowl be a very small 'un, I dare say I can manage 'un."

NEATLY FOLDED.

"Madge, Harry asked me to marry him last night."

"Oh, I am delighted," replied her friend. "How did it happen?"

"Well, you see, he just asked me, and I said 'Yes,' and then he stood up and folded his arms."

"Well, I never! Was he not more interested than that? Whatever did you do at such treatment?"

"What could I do? You see, I was in his arms when he folded them."

"How is a really successful man to be distinguished?"

"By his initials. He wears them after his name instead of before."

Husband: "Do you know that every time a woman gets angry she adds a new wrinkle to her face?"

Wife: "No, I did not; but if it is so I presume it is a wise provision of Nature to let the world know what sort of a husband a woman has."

THOUGHT HE WAS SAFE.

A smart youngster turned up at school the other morning with his face bound up, and all the evidence of a bad attack of toothache.

Perhaps the teacher knew his boy, for he wasted no time in expression of sympathy.

"Where were you yesterday, Johnny?" he demanded.

John mutely pointed to his bandaged face, but the questioner was merciless.

"Did you hear me? Where were you yesterday?" he repeated.

"Ferreting," blurted Johnny.

"Indeed," ejaculated the teacher. "So you played truant in order to go ferreting, and so contracted toothache?"

Johnny was silent for a moment, and then, perhaps under the impression that he couldn't very well make matters worse, he candidly replied:

"I contracted nothin', sir. But I thought if I tied up my head ye'd be axing no questions."

"That Mr. Gailey must be very poor."

"Why?"

"I asked him how he made his money, and he said he earned it."

"I have noticed one thing about widows' weeds," said his reverence.

"What's that?"

"They rarely interfere with the growth of orange blossoms on the same soil."

A POST-OFFICE BABEL.

Singapore is the only British post-office which employs letter carriers for each language. Within that city there are so many different races who receive correspondence addressed in their own vernacular writing that proper delivery is extremely difficult.

So hard is it that in some districts it has been found necessary to send the postmen upon their rounds in sets of three.

One of these is a Malay in charge of all packets for Europeans, Jews, Armenians, Malays, Arabs, Parsees, and Japanese, which are presumably addressed in European script, or in writing akin to it.

The second of the trio is a Chinaman, who deals with correspondence bearing ideographic characters, whilst the third is a Tamil, who takes out letters addressed in the writing of his own race, as well as any in Telegu and Southern Indian writing.

These cosmopolitan postmen have, of course, often to consult each other as they deliver the mails, but sometimes even their varied linguistic attainments have to be supplemented by a Sikh who understands Hindustani, Persian, and Northern Indian characters.

Everyone interested in swimming should get Montague Holbein's book, "Swimming." Price one shilling.

A QUESTIONABLE REMEDY. . . . . .

By Walter J. Mowbray.

"WHAT *are* you puzzling about?" inquired Doris suddenly.

Iris started, came out of her reverie, looked dubiously at the manuscript before her, and pouted.

"I can't make up my mind as to the precise shade of the heroine's eyes," she replied. "They must be beautiful, of course. But I'm not good at description. I wish I had a study."

Doris got up from her seat, went into an adjoining room, and returned with a mirror.

"You can't have a better," she said with decision.

Iris subjected the glass to a close scrutiny, first on one side, then on the other.

"Then mirrors are going out of fashion," she remarked tragically. "And, if that is so, the crack of doom cannot be far off. Why, the thing's a positive wreck!"

Doris knit her pretty brows.

"Oh, you needn't affect to misunderstand," she retorted. "I meant a better study, not a better mirror, you ungrateful creature! I'll never waste compliments on you again."

Iris laughed, ran round the table, and kissed her friend.

"A brilliant idea!" she exclaimed. "Just sit still for a minute or two, and I'll make a word-picture of your own eyes. What a silly I was not to think of it before!"

She recreated herself in front of the unfinished manuscript and began to write, glancing from time to time at the eyes of her now somewhat mollified friend.

"Darkly, deeply, beautiful blue eyes," she decided. "That sounds well, I think? With soft mists floating above their azure depths, just as, from some mountain-side, with the bright morning sun shining overhead, one looks down through a shimmering haze to the blue lake lying far below. That will do nicely. You needn't pose any longer, dear."

Doris blushed, laughed, and bent the eyes thus complimented on her own unfinished manuscript.

"You're an artful little puss," she said. "You seem to twist people round your little finger, whether they like it or not."

"Oh, but they generally like it; now, don't they?" protested Iris with a shade of meek reproach in her voice.

Doris surrendered slowly.

"Ye-es—I believe they do," she admitted. "I say, though—where are you going to send your story when it is finished?"

Iris held her pen in the air.

"THE KNIGHT TEMPLAR," she replied with promptness.

Doris pouted.

"Oh, bother!" she exclaimed. "I was going to do the selfsame thing with mine!"

Iris lifted her eyebrows.

"And why not, pray?" she asked.

"Oh, well," replied Doris, "we can't both do the same thing, can we? We might weaken each other's chance of success."

Iris burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"Oh, you refreshingly innocent child!" she exclaimed. "Do you imagine ours will be the only manuscripts sent to the editor of THE KNIGHT TEMPLAR in one day? Why, they'll be a mere drop in the ocean. You little dream what an editor has to wade through!"

Doris considered this point with great deliberation.

"All right," she said finally. "I'll send mine there, too. Now let's get to work again. This won't earn bread and butter."

Iris laughed, and the two girls returned industriously to the work they had in hand.

They were firm friends—these two—and shared a flat in one of the quiet, semi-fashionable thoroughfares of Holland Park.

Both were orphans and almost friendless. Each had a little private income of her own, which they endeavoured to augment by the disposal of sundry water-colour sketches and literary productions of the short story type, the latter of which had not at present been saleable.

* * * * *

"Hilda, this ham is positively raw!"

Edgar Elkington laid down his knife and fork with an air of indignant long-suffering. His sister followed his example with a sigh.

"Oh, dear!" she murmured plaintively; "I *do* wish Jane would be more careful!"

Edgar heaved a sigh of relief.

"Well, she's leaving next week—that's one comfort!" he said with spirit.

His sister shook her head doubtfully.

"I'm not so sure that it *is* a comfort," she remarked. "Mary is going, too, and—and—I'm afraid we shall be left without a servant in the place!"

"You don't mean to say you've engaged no one in their places?" Edgar said shortly.

Hilda admitted that she had not.

"It's no use," she protested bitterly. "I've advertised four times and been twice to a registry office. But the girls—well, it's no use, Edgar dear, we can't have such girls about our house."

Edgar frowned.

"Perhaps you're too particular," he suggested.

Hilda pointed sorrowfully to the half-raw ham. It effectually swept away *that* accusation, and the frown on Edgar's brow deepened. His sister rose from her chair.

"The fact is," she protested disconsolately, "girls won't go to service nowadays. There are so many occupations for them, where their wages are higher and their liberty greater."

Edgar pushed back his chair impatiently.

"Oh, I've heard all about that!" he interposed. "The papers are full of the servant problem. But it's no use our discussing generalities. What we have to do is to discover two trustworthy, respectable girls for the needs of our establishment. Other people must look after themselves."

"I don't see that that helps any more than my remark," put in Hilda. "We can't find two such girls, or, at least, we haven't as yet, and I'm tired to death of searching for them."

Edgar stood for a moment, then went towards the door.

"Well, I must be off," he said. "It's a beastly nuisance, for we must get someone by the time the other girls leave."

He kissed his sister and passed out through the hall to the broad street in which they lived. All the way to the office of THE KNIGHT TEMPLAR his thoughts were busy with the servant question. It had not troubled him hitherto. But now that it bade fair to affect his own domestic peace, it was high time he, too, considered *it*.

A pile of manuscripts lay on Edgar Elkington's desk when he arrived at the office and he grunted viciously as he turned them over. First came a short story, signed by one Iris Earl, and, next to this, came another, signed Doris Vane. Both were written in ink instead of with a typewriter, an offence sufficiently heinous to ruin the best-intentioned work that ever emanated from a young author's imagination.

"Doris Vane and Iris Earl!" he muttered savagely. "It's the bane of the age. What are our girls coming to, I wonder? Iris Earl indeed! Doris Vane *forsooth*! Better have been Mary Brown and Jane Smith! Better—far better—to have turned their attention to a vocation more suited to their sex and intelligence! This—*this* is where the trouble lies—confound it!"

Now, it must not be supposed that this outburst revealed the normal quality of the editor's mind. He was harassed to-day by an anxiety *far* too weighty to be lightly dismissed. It perverted his view of things in general. And, what was more, he knew it, and was angry with himself in consequence. But he wasn't going to stand this sort of thing.

He took two rejection forms from the rack before him, and scribbled at the foot of each the four words:—

"See Answers to Correspondents."

These he inclosed with the rejected manuscripts in the return envelopes accompanying them. Then he took a sheet of paper from the rack, wrote thereon for a few minutes, and rang his bell.

"Give this to Mr. Jermyn," he said to the messenger who responded to his summons. "Tell him I want it inserted next issue under A. to C."

* * * * *

"Well, of all the nasty, crotchety, cross-grained old curmudgeons!" exclaimed Iris with a stamp of her pretty foot. "Listen to this, Doris dear. It's positively impudent!"

She held in her hand the current number of THE KNIGHT TEMPLAR, opened at the page devoted to Answers to Correspondents. With a vicious little intonation of her clear young voice, she began to read:

"TO IRIS, DORIS, AND OTHERS.—*We should particularly recommend all young ladies aspiring to literary fame that they should first pause and ask themselves the question: Am I qualified for such a profession? If they did this much needless disappointment would be avoided. It seems a great pity that the young woman of to-day should so openly despise those old-fashioned and time-honoured occupations so essential to fit her for happy wifehood and motherhood. Domestic training is regarded as degrading by the average woman of to-day. Qualifications more excellent than the attainment of artistic mediocrity are put far in the background. Home and happiness are no longer the two first essentials in a woman's life. No wonder the country is crying out for good, reliable, and respectable girls to fill domestic situations in the homes of Britain.*—ED."

Iris threw the paper down with an angry gesture. Doris burst into an uncontrollable peal of laughter. Her friend regarded her with an expression of amazement, not unmixed with reproof.

"I don't see anything to laugh at!" she snapped spitefully.

"Oh, it's just too funny!" Doris gasped. "Fancy us as domestic servants! Caps and aprons and all that, you know—and 'yes, m'm' and 'no, m'm,' and 'very good, m'm.' Oh, don't look at me, or I shall go off again!"

Her mirth appeared to infect even the angry Iris, for she, too, joined in the laughter of her friend. Suddenly Doris sat upright.

"Iris," she said breathlessly, "suppose—suppose we *did*!"

"Did what?" inquired Iris in mystified astonishment.

"Did go out to service, you know," explained Doris. "We can do as we like, and we haven't had a bit of real fun for ever so long. I'm getting downright rusty for want of genuine, original amusement. We needn't stop long, you know—say a month."

"You can't really mean it!" Iris exclaimed.

"But I *do* mean it!" Doris protested vehemently. "We could keep the flat on, you know, and come back when the month was up."

"But think of having to humble one's self to strangers!" again protested Iris. "Think of being scolded and bullied and told to clean knives and boots and front steps and goodness knows what else!"

Doris laughed.

"That'll make it all the funnier," she avowed. "It isn't as if we should be alone. We must get situations in the same house together—you as cook, I as house-parlourmaid."

Iris hesitated. But the spirit of mischief was in the air, and she nodded, her eyes sparkling in anticipation of the fun she expected to derive from so daring and novel an idea.

* * * * *

"Good morning, Mary. Good morning, Jane. I hope you'll both endeavour to do better to-day than you did yesterday. I'm afraid you're both rather inexperienced."

Hilda Elkington regarded her two newly-engaged maids with an air of dubious, apprehensive foreboding. From the outset she had vetoed their proper Christian names. Mary was substituted for Iris, Jane for Doris.

"Mary," went on their mistress, still looking doubtfully at the pretty face of the cook, "Mary, we will have oatmeal porridge for breakfast, followed by eggs and toast. I think you will find all you need in the larder, or in the pantry."

"Yes, m'm."

Hilda Elkington returned to the door of the kitchen.

"Please have breakfast ready by nine," she added as she went out. "My brother makes it a point of duty never to reach the office of THE KNIGHT TEMPLAR later than ten."

Mary let the jar of coarse oatmeal fall to the floor.

"THE—KNIGHT—TEMPLAR!" she gasped.

Hilda Elkington looked back in astonishment.

"Yes," she said, "he is editor of THE KNIGHT TEMPLAR, Mary. You won't be late, will you?"

She vanished, leaving the two girls gazing into each other's eyes with blank amazement.

"The nasty, cantankerous, old spitfire who told us to go to service!" burst out Iris.

Iris looked thoughtfully at the fallen jar of oatmeal.

"Vengeance is in our hands, Jane," she remarked with the air of a tragedy queen. "Come along! Here, find me a saucepan from somewhere."

She moved to the kitchen fire. Jane found a saucepan and brought it to the cook. It was a two-quart vessel, but, as it proved to be the only one that had not been used the preceding day, Mary took it, pouring therein about half a pound of the oatmeal. This she placed on the fire while she drew a jug of water.

An odour of burning greeted her nostrils as she returned. But she stolidly poured the jug of water into the saucepan and attempted to stir the whole with a huge iron gravy spoon found at the back of the table-drawer.

But, try as she might, the spoon wouldn't go round. The oatmeal seemed to have coagulated at the bottom of the saucepan. Perhaps it wanted boiling a little first. Time was getting on, so she turned her attention to the next item on the list—the boiling of the eggs.

After a protracted search, she discovered a small egg-cooker, filled it with cold water, placed the eggs carefully within, and put the vessel on the stove. Lastly she cut some bread into slices, went very near doing the same with the fingers of her left hand, and held them, one by one, before the blazing fire.

When this was done, she looked reflectively at the porridge. But it wasn't porridge at all. It was just oatmeal and water, and both elements appeared to have firmly determined never to amalgamate.

She tried the gravy spoon again. But it stuck worse than before. The egg-boiler had been bubbling away for fully twenty minutes. She took off the lid, lifted the eggs out with a table-spoon, and put them on a plate inside the oven to keep hot. The toast had been in there some time. She was only waiting now for the porridge.

But it wouldn't come to be porridge. At last, in sheer desperation, she emptied the remainder of the oatmeal left in the jar within the two-quart saucepan. It began to mix almost immediately, first thinly, then more lumpy.

She kept on stirring vigorously for three minutes, when a mild voice from the head of the stairs caused her to lift the saucepan and turn its contents out into two cold plates that stood ready on the table. It looked a queer sort of porridge. But Mary regarded it with small concern, and called to Jane to take the breakfast up.

When this had been done, the two girls sat down, with their arms on the kitchen table, and looked at each other with an expression of mischievous amusement.

"It's all done to a turn," said Mary.

"I'll kill him!" replied Jane.

"Don't worry," advised Mary. "He won't eat it. He can't."

Jane laughed.

"I wish we could have a peep at him," she said.

Mary received the idea with enthusiasm.

"Come on!" she said. "We can take off our boots and creep up the stairs. We'll have to take it in turns to peep through the keyhole."

Jane evinced reluctance. But Mary was determined.

"All right," she said stoutly. "If you won't go, I will."

She removed her shoes and went noiselessly up the stairs. She had just reached the door when it opened suddenly. Edgar Elkington stood before her, an expression of anger on his face.

"Are you the cook?" he asked sharply, eyeing her from head to foot.

Mary saw that the comedy could not go on.

"Well—no," she said demurely. "I used to be a writer of short stories. But the editor of THE KNIGHT TEMPLAR advised me to take up domestic service instead. I hope the wisdom of that advice will be more and more apparent each day I remain with you."

She looked so merry and mischievous, yet so inexpressively demure, as she stood there in her neat cap and apron, and with her tiny stockinged feet peeping from beneath her print dress, that Edgar Elkington had to laugh.

"By Jove!" he said at last. "You've paid me out with a vengeance. What about your companion? Is she, too, in the plot?"

Iris curtsied.

"I'm afraid so," she said deferentially. "The paragraph included her also."

The editor glanced ruefully at the untasted breakfast.

"Then, for Heaven's sake, go back to your writing!" he said.

But Mary shook her head;

"We're engaged for a month," she protested.

The editor's jaw dropped.

"No, no—not that!" he demurred. "Don't drive me out of my own house! I can't bear hotels."

Mary pondered. "Will you promise to read whatever manuscripts we submit without prejudice?" she asked.

"I hope I always do that," he replied.

Mary shook her head.

"You didn't—in our case," she affirmed.

Edgar Elkington weakly admitted the accusation, but pleaded extenuating circumstances.

"Very well," consented Mary. "We'll take our departure to-day. I—I hope you've enjoyed our attempts to give you satisfaction."

* * * * *

A funny thing has just happened. One never knows where these things end. Edgar Elkington has asked Iris Earl to be his wife. The only condition he laid down was that she should never, never cook. And Iris has said yes.

Hilda Cowham contributes two humorous pages to the September ROYAL MAGAZINE.

OUR NEW SERIES.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY BY PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

By Eustace Miles, M.A.
Editor of the "Physical Educator."

NATIONAL EXERCISES.

7.—Walking the Plank.

AMONG many letters thanking me for the benefit of the exercises, there is one letter of severe condemnation from a gentleman. This gentleman says the exercises are for old women; they do not strain the muscles at all.

Now, I have no wish to strain anybody's muscles.

I should rather first see the muscles under control, lithe, and rapid, and I should like to see this result brought about by movements that are attractive to the average Anglo-Saxon.

That is why I chose such exercises as fielding and throwing, swimming, batting, rowing, walking, running, and starting, and putting the weight, but adapted them for use in a small space.

Walk up in the ordinary way.

The objection that there was no stress (I suppose that meant gripping and weight-lifting), and that there was no apparatus except a stick or a light club, is perfectly true. I wish to start without stress and without elaborate apparatus.

Now I will come to an exercise which may be rather more severe to many, and has a little apparatus which I should advise everybody to make or get for himself.

The apparatus is a plank.

Good measurements for it are: Ten feet long, two feet broad, two inches thick. Such a plank would cost a few shillings. It must have a smooth surface, which, if you like, you can cover with cork linoleum.

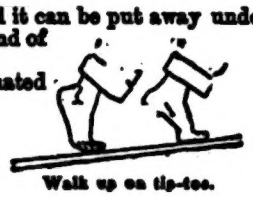
Now set one end of this plank firmly in the nick between the floor and the wall, rest the other end *very* firmly upon a bed, or chair, or other article of furniture, and you have the inclined plank; though it is possible to buy a special apparatus.

You can make the angle gentle or severe; I should advise you to make it gentle at first.

This week I shall, for a change, start with the reasons for the exercise before I give the exercise itself.

It is a cheap exercise.

The apparatus is small, and it can be put away under the bed or can serve as a kind of dado to the wall!



Walk up on tip-toe.

The exercise can be graduated according to your power and the power of your heart and various muscles.

As distinct from movements up a steep hill, this plank exercise is safe.

It gives you an alternate movement up and down hill as you come up and down the plank; so you are resting some muscles while you are working others; there is no prolonged monotonous exertion, which, bear in mind, is *bad* for you.

Plank movements, properly used (if you have a weak heart, ask your doctor's advice first), will be good for the heart and for obesity. At a very severe angle the exercise has been known to reduce obesity, and to get a man into condition in a wonderfully short while.

I have one letter which tells me that the gently inclined plank cured a clerk, not only of obesity, but also of indigestion and constipation. The reason is obvious.

It strengthens and exercises the trunk and many other muscles, and helps the movements of digestion and excretion. Needless to say, it must improve the figure.

If, after a week or two of practice, you balance something on your head (not something that would break if it tumbled), you will have a fine exercise for the carriage.

Walk down in the ordinary way.

Obviously you are likely to get a good instep and foot and leg from the movements up and down hill.

By-the-way, do the exercise with bare feet, so as to give your feet an air-and-light bath.

Many people find this admirable for the nerves.

If you cover the plank with cork linoleum, you will not feel it cold; neither will you be likely to slip.

You have no idea how that walking up and down with bare feet will improve the shape of your feet, bringing the big toe back into its proper line.

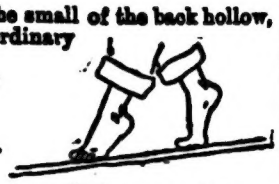
Later on, you can add exercises for the rest of the body. For instance, you can lie upon your back on the plank, and go through the movements of the breast-stroke at swimming.

In many ways the inclined plank is better for this than the floor, since it keeps the head higher than the rest of the body, and prevents the excessive rush of blood to the head.

You can even practise a relaxing exercise on this plank. But more of that another time.

Now for the exercise.

Keeping the chin in and the small of the back hollow, walk up the plank in the ordinary way.



Walk down on tip-toe.

Walk down again in the ordinary way.

Now walk up on tiptoe.

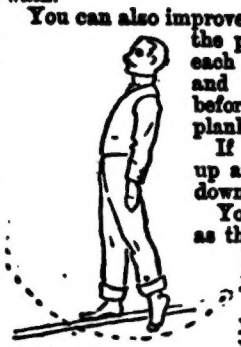
Then walk down on tiptoe.

Walk up backwards.

Walk down backwards.

Standing with one foot on the plank, keep the other leg straight, and swing it well and freely backwards and forwards. This will improve your walk.

You can also improve your walk if, as you come down the plank forwards, you shoot out each leg in turn, sending the toes out and down as far as they will go before you bring them on to the plank.



Swing your feet.

If you are strong, you can run up and down the plank, hop up and down it, and so on.

You can graduate the difficulty, as the Swedish System exercises do, by the way in which you hold your arms.

You can hold them down by your side, out at right angles to your body, or right over your head.

This increases the difficulty of balance. Obviously such practice will increase the springiness of your step and the poise of your body, and will be good preparation for mountaineering.

Be sure not to grip unnecessarily with muscles that you gain nothing by using.

HEALTH HINT FOR THE WEEK.

WITHOUT giving up the other health-hints, attend to this new one, which is: Be regular.

There is a great deal of nonsense talked about regularity.

You are told to get up at a certain time all through the year, to keep to fixed hours for various functions of life, to go to bed at a stated moment, and so on.

Now, that may suit some people; it is certainly one form of regularity; but it is not Nature's form.

The sun does not rise or set on this fashion.

A far better regularity is that of occasion.

Blow your nose, brush your teeth, breathe fully, not at 6 a.m. every day, but when you wake.

"Breathe" deeply and well up through your nostrils, not necessarily at 9 a.m., but when you go out of your house to work, and again when you leave your office after your day's work is over.

In other words: practise regularity not according to the clock, but according to the occasion; switch your good habits on to obvious opportunities.

A friend of mine has suggested to me as a good opportunity the time when you are waiting to cross a road.

Make a point of relaxing your muscles a little then, and looking somewhat less gloomy and important than most Anglo-Saxons do in cities.

RECIPE FOR THE WEEK.

Two ounces of butter beans, two ounces of lentils, two ounces of grated cheese, one medium-sized onion, pepper and salt to taste, a small piece of butter, a few breadcrumbs.

Soak the beans and lentils for twelve hours before cooking. Boil the beans and lentils until soft, then mix them together; grate the raw onion and mix it well with the beans and lentils; add pepper and salt if desired. Then take half the mixture and put it into the bottom of a small fireproof dish, sprinkle the grated cheese on the top; now add the other half of the mixture, smooth over with a knife, place the butter in small pieces on the top, and, with the lid on, bake in a quick oven for twenty-five minutes, then take your breadcrumbs and sprinkle them over, and place the dish in the top of the oven for five minutes to brown.

This recipe is rich in body-building material, which comes chiefly from the beans and the cheese, both of which stand above beef in the tables of food-values. Both are far richer than beef in fattening and heating elements.

The flavouring comes partly from the beans and cheese, partly from the onion.

The "salts" are given by all the elements except the pepper, though even that *might* have some "salts" that we need. If with this dish you eat a little of a good green vegetable served with its juices (not boiled, but cooked with a little butter), I think you will have a satisfactory meal.

Eustace Miles.

The numbers containing the first six exercises can be had from any newsagent for 6d., or they will be sent direct, post free, on receipt of 9½d. by the Publisher, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

£105 is Offered

FOR ONE PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

WE have decided to offer the sum of One Hundred guineas to the reader of *Pearson's Weekly* who submits, before the closing date, what is considered to be by the Adjudicating Committee the best physical exercise.

In our endeavour to secure the best possible physical exercises, we invite all practical and theoretical people (including the thousands of well-known experts and hundreds of thousands of learners of both sexes) to contribute the best exercise they can. If you have found that some exercise of your own invention, with or without appliances, has benefited you, then send in particulars of it.

No exercise should take longer than one minute to perform. It may be a series of movements, but must not take longer than one minute for one performance. Regard should be had to the fact that it must be made *attractive* for individuals to practise alone.

Our object is to find the very finest exercises that it is possible to secure. We have already published and shall publish during the next few weeks one exercise a week, showing the sort of thing we require. These, of course, will merely be samples. Your exercise will probably be better.

Each attempt should be written out on a sheet of foolscap paper, and, if possible, rough diagrams made. Pasted on every attempt must be the coupon below, giving the contributor's name and address.

You may send in as many attempts as you like, but each attempt must be accompanied by a separate coupon.

The decision will be made by a **Committee of Experts**, representing (a) the medical profession, (b) expert teachers and exponents (both ladies and gentlemen) of the best of the present systems, (c) experts of games and athletics. The decision of this Committee must be accepted as final and conclusive by all competitors.

In working for this prize, you are working for the national health and fitness. It is patriotic work that demands no sacrifice.

The judges will represent various points of view.

There will be the medical expert, the Army expert, the British system expert, the Ling expert, the games expert, and so on. Among those who have at present been invited to act on the Adjudicating Committee are the following:—

Representing the Medical Profession:

Sir Frederick Treves, Sir Lauder Brunton, Dr. Alexander Bryce, Dr. James Cantlie, Dr. F. Welstead, Dr. T. D. Savill

Representing Various Systems of Physical Culture:

Mrs. William Archer (Delsarte), Miss Hankinson (Ling), Mr. H. Elliott, Mr. H. H. Burdett (Army), Mr. W. Macdonald Smith (Full Contraction), Mr. T. Chesterton (British), Mr. Oberholzer (German), Mr. Roland F. Spencer ("Health and Strength" School).

Representing Athletics:

Mr. R. H. Spooner, Mr. G. W. Beldam, Mr. C. B. Fry, Dr. W. G. Grace, Mr. F. B. Wilson (Cricket), Mr. Peter Latham (Tennis), Mr. Georges Hackenschmidt (Wrestling), Mr. Harry Andrews, the famous trainer.

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A NATURAL CONCLUSION.

"So you want to marry my daughter," remarked the old gentleman.

"I certainly do," replied the youth.

"Well, what are your prospects?" persisted the old gentleman.

"My dear sir," replied the youth, "the prospects of any fellow who marries the daughter of a man as rich and influential as you are ought to be splendid."

"THEY say a carrier pigeon will go further than any other bird," said the boarder, between bites.

"Well, I'll have to try one," said the landlady; "I notice a fowl doesn't go far."

"How that woman hates me."

"But she spoke nicely enough."

"Yes; but that was just done for effect. If you remember, she didn't turn and look at my new dress."

FAN: "Oh, Lil, when is your friend's marriage coming off? Do tell her to have pity on her friends and let it be soon, so that we may have something else to talk about."

Lil: "You won't have much longer to wait. She and Tom have quarrelled every day for a week, and I believe that's the last stage of necessary preparation."

Everyone interested in swimming should get Montague Holbein's book, "Swimming." Price one shilling.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

INSECT LANGUAGE.

Do Insects Converse? (7137.)

Every observer of insect life seems convinced that, in one way or another, insects do converse. How this is done is not so easily determined. Sometimes it may be by sound, as in the case of bees with their busy hum; sometimes by touching one another on the head or abdomen, as ants do, but far more frequently by the antennæ, so that Huber calls this tactile communication, "antennal language."

His own experiment demonstrates the fact. Having placed a colony of ants in a closed and darkened chamber, he found them at first all scattered in disorder; but he soon saw one, who had discovered an outlet, return to the rest; of these he touched a few, and speedily the whole community marched out in regular lines, evidently with the one thought of liberty.

Ants have been known to post sentinels, to send out spies, and to return to their nest by signal for reinforcements. The very Aphides, the ants' milch kine, appear to understand antennal language, as do wasps also, according to Banks and Knight, for if their sentinels give no warning a nest may easily be taken.

WORSE THAN DOUBLE DUTCH.

Which Language is most Difficult to Learn? (7138.)

Chinese has been described as "the most intricate, cumbrous, and unwieldy vehicle of thought that ever obtained among any people." There are eighteen varieties of it, besides the Court dialect, and until recently no European knew more than three of these fluently, whilst it may be doubted whether any Chinaman ever fully understood them all.

In what is commonly called Chinese there are thirty thousand recognised written characters, yet there is no alphabet, and practically no grammar. Even this immense number of characters may be indefinitely extended, for a learned Chinese scribe, if he does not know a sign which he thinks entirely suitable to the word he desires to express, coins one. There is a Chinese printed book in the British Museum with thirty-two different samples of these fancy characters.

Basque is the most difficult of European languages to acquire, chiefly because of the arbitrary adoption of extraneous words into its sentences. This character marks no other European tongue, but it is one which also renders American Indian languages very troublesome to learn. Gaelic is also difficult for it has no affirmative, and no present tense.

STEP OUT BRISKLY.

Why Is a Stroll More Tiring than a Brisk Walk? (7139.)

Everybody knows that exercise almost instantly increases the breathing powers; in slow efforts the number of breaths is almost doubled, in ordinary cases the number is increased fourfold, and in vigorous exercise seven or even nine-fold. At such times the heart beats more quickly, and the blood not only supplies more force and nourishment to the muscles concerned, but allows all waste products to be eliminated more rapidly. Thus the bodily frame is braced, and fatigue is unknown, so long as the individual does not overtax his powers.

In a stroll, too, the limbs are overcharged with blood, and action is impeded. The free use of large muscular areas, when the movements alternate regularly, tires far less than the languid use of smaller areas.

It is, too, a universal rule that where there is most enjoyment or interest, there is less fatigue, so that it is easy to march to music, and children with toys rarely tire, while movement becomes almost automatic, and consequently less exhausting in such surroundings.

"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK!"

Why do Waves Break in Shallow Water? (7140.)

Long and oscillatory waves run by gravity, the first agitating the water to nearly the same amount at all depths, while the chief disturbance due to the latter confines itself to the upper layers of the water.

These oscillatory waves, the most typical example of which is, perhaps, furnished by the "swell," or regular rolling waves which continue to run in deep water after a storm, will break on a shelving shore when their height is about equal to the depth of water. When the depth is sufficient to allow the oscillations to proceed unimpeded, no progressive motion takes place, each column being kept in its place by the pressure of surrounding columns.

If, however, free oscillation is prevented, as by the interposition of a rock, or by the shelving of the shore, the columns in the deep water are not balanced by those in the shallower, and thus they acquire a progressive motion and form "breakers." For this reason waves always break against the shore, whatever is the direction of the wind.

THE FIRST PUNCH-BOWL.

What was the Origin of Punch as a Drink? (7141.)

Punch came to us from India, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. One of the earliest printed notices of it is in Fryer's travels, published in 1672, where we are told that punch is an enervating liquor, drunk on the Coromandel coast, and deriving its name from the Hindustani *pounch*, which signifies five, the number of ingredients required to form the approved mixture.

Sailors brought this novel compound from the East, and for some time its use seems to have been confined to them. On the first day that Henry Teong joined the ship *Assistance* as naval chaplain, in 1675, he drank, we are told, three bowls of punch, a liquor very strange to him, and he naively informs us that he had considerable difficulty in finding his pillow when he went to bed.

The five magic ingredients of this seductive cup were spirits, water, sugar, lemon, and spice, but the spice was afterwards omitted, and, as a minor poet sings:—

"The strong, the weak, the sour, the sweet,
Together mixed most kindly meet."

SEED-ARMOUR.

Why are Plant Seeds Indigestible? (7142.)

Plant seeds are incased in a hard covering, upon which the gastric juice of animals takes no effect, and it is this natural protection which preserves what is so necessary to reproduce the support of animal life. It is only when a seed is crushed, and its vital principal in consequence destroyed, that the gastric juice acts upon it, and it is soon dissolved.

It is for this reason that birds are provided with gizzards, to break the protecting coats of the grain, and animals that feed on seeds and nuts strip them of their shells and husks.

In succulent fruit, such as the strawberry, raspberry, currant, apple, orange, and melon, which, from their nature are attractive to the taste, the seeds, which are often likely to be swallowed, are fortified by a doubly protective coating, so that they pass unharmed through the digestive organs, and their germinating powers may even be improved by the warmth and trituration of the stomach.

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Price 1s. 6d. at all Booksellers, or Post Free for 1s. 9d. from The Book Publisher, A Department, 27 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A RUDE AWAKENING.

Was there ever a Church Official for Waking Sleepers? (7143.)

In old days, rousing sleepers in church was considered such an important duty that many bequests were made for the express purpose. Thus, in 1725, one Rudge left to the parish of Tryall, Staffordshire, twenty shillings per annum to be given to a poor man to undertake it, and another left eight shillings for the same purpose in Claverley, Shropshire.

Even so recently as 1860 one of the churchwardens of Acton, Cheshire, would go the round of the church during service, with a long wand in his hand, tapping, not always gently, the nodding heads. In Dunchurch the staff was shaped something like a hay-fork, to catch the nape of the neck.

In one parish a beadle would promenade the nave and aisles, with a long staff, furnished with a bunch of feathers or fox's brush at one end, but a considerable knob at the other; the one was used to tickle gently the faces of female sleepers, the other to give a real rap on the head to drowsy males.

CROSSING THE BAR.

How Do We Die? (7144.)

Death nearly always ensues from cessation of the heart's action, whatever it may be that causes it to stop. Almost the only exception to this rule is in the case of poisoning with prussic acid, where the whole body becomes dead before the heart ceases to beat.

It is scientifically certain that almost all deaths, even those that are seemingly most agonising, are practically without pain. The fear of extinction may cause mental agitation amounting to pain whilst consciousness exists, but that is quite another thing. In death by burning pain ceases at an early stage by suffocation; whilst a man killed by a gunshot wound probably does not know that he has been hit; the action of the bullet being more rapid than the message to the brain announcing it. For this reason, wounded men sometimes drop without knowing why.

In chest diseases pain is relieved by suffocation at the death moment, and in fevers the nervous system becomes depressed to such utter apathy as to induce quite a painless end.

A VOLCANO THAT FOUNDERED.

Did a British Island ever Sink with Colours Flying? (7145.)

On 16th June, 1810, the *Sabrina*, a British sloop of war, observed smoke rising from the sea near St. Michaels, off the Azores, and made for it, believing that a naval engagement was in progress. Her crew found, however, that great tongues of flame were issuing along with the smoke, and that they had cleared for action to fight a volcano.

Forty-eight hours later an island made its appearance, having risen from a depth of forty fathoms in that period; and in another day it was fifty-one feet above the surface, with a length of about three-quarters of a mile. By July 4th the *Sabrina's* people were able to land on this new shore, which was then 800ft. high, with a circumference of fully a mile, with a stream six yards wide running from the centre to the sea.

They took formal possession of it for his Britannic Majesty, hoisting the Union Jack on its most conspicuous point, but by degrees the island sank; until about the middle of October, it vanished below the surface, with the Union Jack still on it, like a battleship sinking with colours flying after a fatal engagement.

QUESTIONS.

7201. What is the derivation of the word nickname?
7202. What is the devil's plant?
7203. Can serpents climb up smooth surfaces?
7204. How is a torpedo kept in its course?
7205. Does wind force vary with temperature?
7206. What good purpose do vermin serve?
7207. What is the origin of the phrase "a man's nest"?
7208. Whence comes the word "blackmailing"?
7209. What were "mom-troopers"?
7210. Why is an i or a j dotted?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of £2 2s. a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

HUSBAND: "Does that new novel turn out happily?"

Wife: "It doesn't say; it only says they were married."

MISS RICHE: "I lost my heart last night, pa. I accepted Mr. Poore."

Mr. Riche: "H'm! You didn't lose your heart—you must have lost your head!"

"Is it possible, miss, that you do not know the names of your best friends?"

"Possible? Why, of course it is. I do not even know what my own name may be a year or so hence."

PRETTY DAUGHTER: "So you don't like Tom?"

Her Father: "No. He appears to be capable of nothing."

Pretty Daughter: "But what objection have you to George?"

Her Father: "Oh, he's worse than Tom. He strikes me as being capable of anything."

THE FOUNDED 1871.

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E. J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

The Old Man in the Corner relates the story of "The Lisson Grove Murder" in the September ROYAL MAGAZINE.

Odd Ways in which Vengeance has Been Taken.

Some Spanish Asylum Authorities Threatened to Let Loose 700 Lunatics.

While it isn't Safe to Offend the Bank of England.

A VERY amusing case of vengeance comes from Ciempozuelos, a village near Madrid. At that place is an asylum which accommodates 2,000 inmates, and which is managed by the local monks. It has been the custom of certain provinces in the neighbourhood to send their lunatics to the asylum, paying quarterly for their keep and the necessary medical attendance.

For a long time, however, the province of Madrid has stopped payment, although it has contributed 700 inmates. The amount which the province owes totals £20,000.

As matters stand it seems that the province will not pay a farthing of this money, so the institution, out of revenge, has threatened to set free the 700 lunatics unless the sum be paid. The news created such a terrible commotion that the Government was compelled to intervene, and so the matter stands for the present.

Chief Justice Sir John Madden has taken very remarkable vengeance upon the morning journals published at Melbourne.

TAKING VENGEANCE ON THE REPORTERS.

For some time there has been an amusing quarrel between the Bench and the Press, the newspapers alleging that the Court hours were too short altogether, and that public inconvenience resulted as a consequence. Sir John Madden has now quite staggered the counsel and the newspapers by sitting until six o'clock every day.

A short time ago a deputation of barristers waited upon him and remonstrated, but he replied that so long as the public, as represented by the Press, considered that the Court was consulting its own ease, he would continue to sit late. It need hardly be said that he has already converted the reporters to his views on short hours.

One of our best known admirals has taken revenge upon the Government for its niggardliness in not providing him with sufficient paint. The Government, according to Mr. Gibson Bowles, in the House of Commons not long ago, provided him with sufficient paint to paint only one side of his ship. Thereupon, he painted the other side in imitation of red bricks, and stuck in a green door upon which he fitted a brass knocker.

WHY THE MEDALS WEREN'T STRUCK.

The admiral explained that as he had to find the money, he thought he should have the right to select the design, and to paint his own ship as he liked.

Very few people know the cause of the long delay in awarding the medals to the successful British and American merchants and manufacturers who exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1900.

The Commissioner-General of the Exhibition in explaining the cause of the long delay, said that he had handed in the lists bearing the names of the British and American merchants, together with the other lists, yet the medals were not sent.

It appears that the engraver to whom the work was intrusted was an ardent pro-Boer, and every time he saw a British-looking name on the lists he very coolly put his pen through it. It was not until a considerable time had elapsed that he was detected, and the work was given to another man, hence the delay in striking the medals.

An amusing case of political revenge was brought to light a short time ago. A banquet was being given to M. Combes, the French Premier, at Laon, a little while ago. It appears that the caterer owed to a political opponent of M. Combes the sum of ten pounds.

STREWING A THEATRE WITH PEPPER.

The creditor, with the aid of a local lawyer, had quietly arranged to levy distress on the victuals just as the Prime Minister and his party were about to sit down to dinner. It was hoped that in this manner the proceedings might be spoilt entirely.

At the last moment, however, the caterer was fortunate enough to get wind of the contemplated revenge, and he paid the ten pounds, thus quite spoiling the little plot.

An actress was dismissed from a company playing at Radomin, in Poland, and she took a very curious revenge upon another actress of whom she was extremely jealous. Several hundred people had gathered on the occasion of a dramatic performance, given in aid of the Russian Red Cross Society.

All of a sudden sneezes were heard in all parts of the house, and soon several hundred people were sneezing vigorously together. Although laughter followed, the violence of the sneezing continued, and many people began to bleed at the nose. At last the play had to be brought to a conclusion, and the audience dispersed, amidst loud "atchoos."

Afterwards it was discovered that the dismissed actress had strewn the floor with red pepper and other nasal irritants.

A Parisian chemist suffered greatly from the impudent curiosity of his hall-porter. This man regularly detained the chemist's letters, and read them. Hence it was that the chemist concocted a very clever scheme of revenge which was to prove the guilt of the hall-porter, and at the same time to punish him for his prying.

The chemist addressed a large package of papers to himself and posted it. Then he went calmly to his laboratory to await developments. He had not long to wait, for the inquisitive hall-porter steamed open the package, and to his astonishment read the following message:

"I have caught you in the act. You cannot deny your indecent curiosity. Shall I denounce you? No, I will leave you to your conscience, and you may throw this into the fire."

DON'T OFFEND THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The hall-porter in his terror did as directed, and so completed the chemist's revenge. No sooner did the paper fall into the fire than there was a deafening explosion. The room was filled with poisonous fumes and the unhappy man was flung on his back half dead with fright. Of course, the paper had been chemically prepared by the ingenious chemist.

The revenge to be dreaded most is that of the Bank of England. This is according to some reminiscences which ex-Inspector Davidson, of Scotland Yard, has communicated. He states that the man, or gang of men, who crosses the Bank of England, finds out that the Bank spares neither money, nor time, nor talent in order to obtain its revenge.

When a forgery has taken place it does not matter where the gang has its headquarters, nor how clever the leader may be, it does not matter in the slightest what influence surrounds and protects them. When once the Bank of England starts out in pursuit, it never ceases until it has run down the criminal. The search may take years, but in the end the Bank always succeeds.

MY AUTOGRAPH.

My autograph she begged, the night
When first her beauty filled my sight;
"Not just your name, you know," quoth she,
"But something nice besides; maybe
A poem or a maxim trite."

I yielded to the witching light
Of her soft eyes, and did indite,
Entwined with flowers of poesy,
My autograph.

She perches on my knee to-night,
And in her eyes so clear and bright
The old light dwells. Ah, woe is me!
My cheque-book in her hand I see,
And once again she begs me write
My autograph.

HE: "Her heart is as hard as glass."
SHE: "Try a diamond on it."

"HERE, take this rifle!" cried the excited showman. "The leopard has escaped. If you find him shoot him on the spot."

"Which s-spot, sir?" gasped the boy.

ETHEL (engaged a week): "George and I have never had a quarrel!"

MAUD: "Oh, I think you ought to have one before you are married; otherwise you can't be quite sure whether you are going to have your own way or not!"

MAY: "Rather a morose sort of man, isn't he?"

MADGE: "Yes; but his heart's in the right place."

MAY: "How do you know that?"

MADGE: "He told me last night that I was in sole possession of it."

DOCTOR: "Mrs. Brown has sent for me to see her boy, and I must go at once."

WIFE: "What is the matter with the boy?"

DOCTOR: "I don't know; but Mrs. Brown has a book on 'What to do Before the Doctor Comes,' and I must hurry up before she does it or the boy will be dead."

Character Told by Handwriting.

WHETHER you are clever or dull, generous or mean, easy-going or hard to please you can learn by having your character told. So send a specimen of your handwriting, together with six penny stamps and a stamped, addressed envelope to RAMER, 22 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. In return you will receive an accurate delineation of your character.

WHAT IS YOUR GRAFT?

Professional Rank and Etiquette Amongst Criminals.

The word "graft," which is imported from America, is the name given to a criminal's line of business, his speciality, and he speaks of it as familiarly as you or I talk of our "line" or "way of business."

A man was arrested some years ago on a charge of highway robbery. He was a well-known character, and the idea that he could possibly get acquitted of such a charge was laughable. But he succeeded.

"I didn't do it," he said to the judge, "because it isn't my 'graft.'" And the plea succeeded. The man in question had quite a wide reputation as a thief, and had served several terms of imprisonment, but never in his life had be been known to commit robbery with violence.

The bench recognised the strength of the plea, as for a criminal to commit a crime for which he has not specially trained himself is as absurd as for a clerk to take up bricklaying.

Not only is each department of crime specialised, but each section of each branch. A thief, for instance, will rarely or never be found concerned in a burglary. As a matter of fact, the thief looks down on the burglar.

"Thieves," they argue, "have no need to carry cowardly implements like revolvers and knives. We don't have to injure human beings personally, but only want their property."

This attitude on the part of the thief makes him rather a respected member of the criminal brotherhood in the eyes of "the force." A "good thief," as one detective is fond of saying, "is the kind of man we like to get."

A "good thief" is a man who works on a large scale. He will be engaged on a vast jewel robbery at a hotel, or else, perhaps, he is a bullion thief, whose "graft" is to steal specie from a great liner. He will have spent months and months laying his plans, and, before making the seizure, will have travelled to and fro on the liner and become known to the officers.

Now, such a man is an aristocrat among criminals. He may be a perfect gentleman. If you left half a sovereign on the table, or dropped your purse in the street, the "good thief" would probably return it to you; he would never dream of appropriating it. He wouldn't pick your pocket. It is not his "graft" to involve his reputation in miserable little larcenies, where there are fish so much bigger in the sea. "Besides," he will tell you, "I haven't had any practice at that sort of thing, and should probably muddle it if I tried."

Asked what kind of criminal is really most respected by the force, a detective informed *P.W.* that "we like a good forger. A forger has to be a jolly clever chap, and generally well educated. We don't rank such a man with your twopenny-halfpenny area-sneak."

If you look down the list of notorious persons privately issued to Scotland Yard officials, you will find dozens of different branches of mere theft alone.

There is the hotel thief, the luggage thief, the racecourse thief, the shop lifter, the omnibus thief, the bicycle thief. There are as many branches almost of thieves as there are of clerks, and curiously enough, when once a man has been associated with one or another of these branches, he will very rarely be found engaged in a different branch. It is a case of every man to his trade.

When Flash Fred, the luggage thief, comes out of gaol, the police know very well that he will not be mixed up in any affair of jewels or bicycles. He will at once again turn his attention to luggage. As to why criminals rarely or never alter their mode of life, though they have served many terms of imprisonment, is an odd question, difficult to solve.

"It's a man's profession," said a doubtful character to *P.W.* "You, for instance, have made your living in the past as an ink-slinger, and you're not going to suddenly change and become a bargee. Well, then, when a man has carried a certain branch of thieving to a fine art, do you suppose he's going to throw away all his knowledge of the ropes and experience, just because he's had to put up with a year or so in quod? Not likely. It's his living, and he'll stick to it."

The speciality-thief falls into his precise "graft" by chance. Perhaps his earliest thieving instinct applied itself to stealing sweets from shops as a small boy.

In some schools one boy with this instinct will set the fashion to several others. It will be voted clever and smart to purloin a packet of chocolate, or what not. If not detected, the boys will persevere and finally become skilled at shop-lifting. Then it is that the idea develops, and we find our man a shop-lifter pure and simple, and quite inexperienced in any other "graft."

Murder, of course, cannot be called a "graft." In the best criminal circles, the murderer is not seriously regarded at all. A man who would be so foolish as to put his neck into a noose, for no special reason of gain, is classed merely as a non-criminal fool.

Only if he has committed the crime as a last resource, and been fairly successful in concealing it, and has, above all, gained substantially by it, could he be enrolled in the inner circle of crime.

Everyone interested in swimming should get Montague Holbein's book, "Swimming." Price one shilling.

PICKED PARS

Treated Like Privates.

When campaigning, Japanese officers have exactly the same fare as private soldiers.

Too Many Doctors.

The Institute of German Physicians issues a warning to young men against taking up the study of medicine, there being at present a glut of young doctors.

"Official" Jam.

The Irish Department of Agriculture and Industries has taken over the working of the jam factory at Drogheda, hitherto carried on by Drogheda Fruit, Limited.

Don't Like Geese.

The farmers of the Falkland Isles are offering rewards for the destruction of the wild geese, who increase and multiply to such an extent as to threaten the subsistence of the sheep.

Too Progressive.

A full-blooded Sioux Indian has created a sensation at Bonesteel, South Dakota, by riding through the town with his squaw, in a motor-car. His tribe have ceased to recognise him.

Extenuating Circumstances.

For hugging and kissing his sweetheart in a street of Innsbrück, Austria, recently, a young man was arrested by the police. The girl pleaded that she had not seen him for several months, and he was released.

Furs Dear in Russia.

A lady has discovered that St. Petersburg is a dear place in which to buy furs. Many of the skins in stock there have to come to London to be dressed, and they thus pay both export and import duty.

Honesty in Norfolk.

In the County Court at Holt, Judge Willis said that he had never during his seven years' judgeship known a Norfolk tradesman to attempt to cheat or defraud his customers by dishonest entries in his books.

Beauty Test for Teachers.

Women candidates for positions in the public schools of Chicago now have to undergo a "physical beauty" test. Applicants must be of proper size, height, and weight as well. The examiners are elderly married men.

Advertisements in Church.

To raise funds for repairs and improvements, the pastor of a Milwaukee Congregational church has let advertising spaces in the building to business men. Two merchants have paid to have their names in asphalt in front of the church.

Big Houses—Big Children.

In a paper read before the Sanitary Congress in Glasgow recently, Dr. Charmers, the medical officer of health of that city, stated that the height and weight of school children increased with the size of the houses in which they lived.

Criminals Are Early Risers.

"To be forced to get up early," says a physician, "grinds the soul, curdles the blood, swells the spleen, destroys all good intentions, and disturbs all day the mental activities. Criminals are always recruited from the early rising class."

Evidence by Phonograph.

The chief police authorities contemplate introducing the phonograph in recording oral evidence, instead of having it written down, especially in important criminal cases. It has been found that the accused is generally ready to swear that evidence in his case has been taken down wrongly.

Fresh from the Cow.

An enterprising milkman in the Leyton district has hit upon a novel way of attracting attention. He and his assistants, armed with a milking-stool, make the round of a populous neighbourhood driving before them a herd of five or six cows. Arriving at a convenient spot, they commence milking the cows, and sell the liquid to the people who gather round.

Likes Red Haired-Boys.

"Wanted, a red-haired boy." So ran an advertisement in a Toronto paper recently. When questioned as to his preference for ginger boys with ruddy locks, the advertiser—manager of a cocoa company—said he found that red-haired boys were always quicker to learn, smarter, and more trustworthy than boys with the black, brown, or straw-coloured varieties of hair.

Clock Made of Pins.

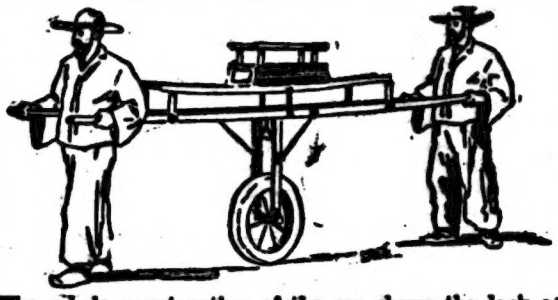
A clock made entirely of pins soldered together is a unique feature of the St. Louis Exposition. The clock is driven by electricity, eight or ten dry cells furnishing the necessary current. There is no other material used in its construction than pins of various sizes and self-fluxing solder. This novelty was built to show the possibilities of the solder. Not quite a year was required for its construction, the work being done entirely by hand.

Nation of Tea-Drinkers.

The Thibetans are the greatest tea-drinkers in the world. Last year they managed to consume 67,000,000 pounds of tea, and, as they are natural born experts on all matters pertaining to their favourite beverage, the tea they buy has to be the best that the markets can supply. All the tea is carried into Thibet by bearers and in caravans. It is made up into tightly-pressed bricks. Nine of these bricks are securely sewn in raw-hide, the whole being a case or yam. Two of these yams make an ordinary yak-load.

THE KOREAN "HANSOM."

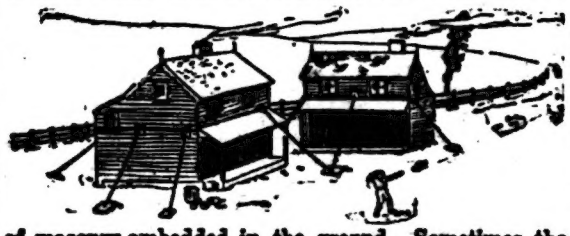
A curious vehicle is the one-wheeled "cab" of Korea. As will be seen from the illustration, it is pushed and drawn by two coolies, the passenger (there is only room for one) occupying a seat immediately above the wheel.



The whole construction of the car shows the lack o' inventive power in the Koreans, for it is impossible for it to stand unless supported by a bearer; and the jolting of the vehicle along the rough roads must be great.

CHAINED UP HOUSES.

In those parts of America where tornadoes are apt to occur the residents have adopted the expedient of chaining their houses to the ground, so as to prevent them being blown away when the storm is raging. Stout chains incircle the houses and these are attached to other chains which are secured to substantial masses



of masonry embedded in the ground. Sometimes the buildings are additionally protected by being chained to each other. It is a very common thing when tornados are raging for houses not thus secured to be bodily torn up and blown a great distance away.

COAL SENT THROUGH PIPES.

In some American coal mines the coal is pumped from the top of the mine to the place where it is to be stacked through large pipes by means of water, at a cost considerably less than it would be were the mineral conveyed by railway, besides saving the additional labour of having to load

up trucks as well as empty them. There is practically no danger of the coal jamming in the pipes, provided it is kept on the move, and if stacked so that it can dry quickly it suffers no deterioration from getting wet.

WATER TENTS FOR HOT WEATHER.

The immediate presence, though not actual contact with water on a hot day is cooling, and during the recent spell of tropical sunshine water tents have been in vogue. The tent consists of a large sprinkler such as is used for watering lawns. The sprinkler is sufficiently wide to allow a chair and a small table to be put underneath it. The person who desires the cool position then takes his seat on the chair and turns on the water, which falls to the ground, thus forming a complete tent. There is no danger of the occupant of the chair getting

wet, provided the sprinkler is regulated properly, and when he is cool enough and wishes to come out he has only to turn off the water. Either a gutter is arranged close at hand, or the falling water is allowed to sink into the ground.

HOUSES NO ONE WILL LIVE IN.

Dwellings whose Tenants are always Unfortunate.

Many people are inclined to make fun of the idea that houses are unlucky; but that such is the case, from some inexplicable reason, is only too well known by house agents.

The head of a large West-End firm, in answer to an inquiry regarding such houses, said:

"There is a house in one of the main streets of a Kentish town which for a period of five or six years past has remained unlet. The local agent had done all that he could to obtain a tenant, and failed; and the owner, in his despair, thought it was possible that we might be able to find one for him.

"We inspected the property in the usual course before entering it upon our books, and the clerk who went down to do this made inquiries as to the local reasons given for its remaining unlet.

"He soon discovered that it was not merely a reputation of being haunted or something of that sort, but was really an unfortunate house, and he was told that out of the many families that had occupied it during the last forty years, not one had been in the house six months ere a death occurred, and in addition to this, heavy monetary losses, ill health, and other troubles afflicted each tenant in turn.

"No fewer than three persons of one family fell downstairs and broke their legs, and, very strangely, the two children of the very next tenant did precisely the same thing." In reply to a suggestion that the staircase was an awkward one or needed repair, or there were special circumstances which would have explained these accidents, he continued:

"No, you are quite wrong; the staircase was of the usual type found in houses of good class, and there was no apparent reason for these accidents. Other misfortunes also occurred, so much so, indeed, that the servants got the idea into their heads that the place was haunted, and promptly began to see ghosts and hear strange noises.

"Of course, this was all nonsense; but the fact remains that the tenants of this house have never had anything but trouble, and, in consequence, it has now stood empty for five or six years, so bad has its local reputation become.

"In one London square in the North-western district is a house that has only been occupied by caretakers for upwards of ten years. Previous to that time it had let pretty readily, as it is a well-built, though old-fashioned house, but misfortunes of all kinds always seem to dog the unfortunate tenants of the house.

"I can remember it thirty-five years ago, and at that time it was occupied by a gentleman well-known in commercial circles in the City. He had it at a very low rent on account of the previous three tenants having given it a bad name.

"This particular gentleman—we will call him Mr. X.—pooh-poohed the idea of ill-luck, moved into the house at a low rent, as I have stated, and thought he had done a very smart thing.

"In the first six months he lost two of his children. A company with which he was intimately connected went into quite incomprehensible liquidation, and he himself met with a serious accident, which he could not explain, while merely walking across the hall of the house.

"He had no sooner recovered than his business premises in the City were burnt down; and I could give you a whole catalogue of misfortunes that afflicted this unfortunate gentleman. He left the house at the end of two years thoroughly broken down, and practically with his life to begin over again.

"The new tenant stayed only six months; then it was in the occupation of some people who had a series of almost inconceivable misfortunes happen to them, ending up with the husband nearly breaking his neck by tumbling down a flight of stairs.

"For a period of ten years past no one has been found bold enough to live in this house except a caretaker, who, living rent free, is willing to run the risk."

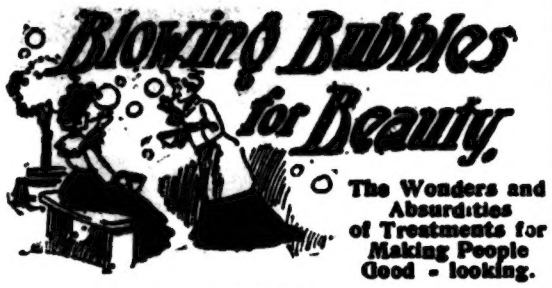
"I am quite at a loss to explain why certain houses appear unlucky," exclaimed the head clerk of the country department of another business; "but the fact remains that we have on our books houses for which we would be glad to have tenants for a mere song.

"There is a large place down in Wiltshire which is not only unlucky, but is reputed by the rakels to be haunted. It is a beautiful old Jacobean house, falling rapidly into decay. Many, many years ago the heir to the property was murdered by a younger brother, and it is reported that his ghost has haunted the place ever since with a view to preventing his brother and his descendants profiting by the ill-gotten property.

"Anyway, for the last forty years or so no one has taken the house, and the last tenant previous to that could keep no servants owing to the periodical appearance of the ghost, which haunted a certain chamber in the west wing.

"Both he and his predecessor professed to have a contempt for the local tradition; but, strange to tell, both men, in the prime of life, were found dead one morning in bed on the anniversary of the date put down by general consent as that of the murder. Apparently they had both been choked."

Look out for the Seaside Cover of the September ROYAL MAGAZINE.



The Wonders and Absurdities of Treatments for Making People Good - looking.

New Complexions can be had by Tattooing the Cheeks.

While an Operation in the Throat will Make you Taller.

LADIES whose faces are thin and hollow-cheeked, with, perhaps, the signs of a coming wrinkle or two, and a complexion that is dull and colourless, can, by a simple expedient, restore the bloom of youth again to their pallid countenances. It is nothing more than to practise bubble blowing with a pipe and a bowl of soapy water.

The action of blowing the bubbles fills out the cheeks, braces up the muscles, and brings colour to the complexion. A little practice daily works wonders in a very short time.

A lovely complexion, a satin-like skin, and a beautiful bloom that will neither wash off nor fade through passing years—is the desire of all women. A hundred methods promise this, but very few of them are reliable.

The best, safest, and surest of them all is to have the cheeks tattooed. A tattooed complexion lasts for ever, its delightful pinky freshness never fades; but it is a costly process.

According to your age, to have a perpetual peach-bloom on your otherwise sallow cheeks will cost you anything from £20 up to £100.

ELECTRICITY MAKES HAIR GROW.

The only man who does this sort of thing—Mr. Sutherland Macdonald—is a king among tattoo artists, and the process can be carried out only occasionally, and then merely for a few minutes, so that a pair of lovely cheeks take weeks in the making. A number of our Society beauties, actresses, and fashionable dames owe their exquisite complexions to the tattoo artist.

For removing wrinkles, the lines of care from the forehead, the irregularities from the cheeks, there is the electric treatment.

While the patient holds a metal handle connected with a battery, a small roller, similarly connected, is passed gently and slowly over the disfiguring lines.

There is a slight tingling of the skin, but the sensation is more of a delightfully cool and invigorating nature. After a few courses of treatment the skin is vitalised and assumes the appearance of youth.

The creases in the neck, throat, and shoulders can, by the same means, be also eradicated.

Electricity, indeed, will do wonders for the searchers after beauty. It will fill out hollow cheeks and necks; conveyed to the scalp by means of a hair-brush, it will invigorate the roots of the hair, and cause it to grow; it will remove superfluous hair from the face; while applied to the water of the bath it regenerates the system and gives vigour to the constitution.

NEW COMPLEXIONS IN NINE DAYS.

For £30 the woman of forty who would have a complexion as clear and as healthy as her daughter can try another method—the de Medici mask treatment. In this the old skin is peeled off, giving place to a new and perfect one.

This cure takes nine days to perform, and the complexion will keep good for thirty years.

During the working of the "nine days' wonder," the patient is properly dieted in order that the elixir that composes the fountain of youth may work properly and effectively.

No pain attends this operation, beyond, during the first stage, a slight tingling of the skin, and afterwards the minor inconvenience of wearing a mask on the face. Gentlemen whose faces were disfigured by scars or smallpox marks are said to favour this treatment, the new skin showing no trace of the formerly distressing marks.

These are the principal methods of beauty doctors, but, besides, there are a host of others, who make use of patent and costly nostrums.

IMPROVING THE SHAPES OF NOSES.

Facial treatment—steaming and massage; beauty creams and soaps and ointment and cosmetics; enamelling the arms and neck; perfume baths; colour and light baths—these are but a few of them.

To remedy defective and ill-shaped noses until quite recently the practice was adopted of injecting solid paraffin beneath the skin, thus altering the nose to any shape required. For a time such noses were models of propriety, but then it was discovered that petroleum had its drawbacks.

While the least pressure was fatal to the symmetry of the organs thus beautified, the petroleum nose was found to be as susceptible to atmospheric changes as a barometer. More serious, however, was the fact that blood-poisoning frequently resulted from the absorption of particles of paraffin into the system.

Scarcely less dangerous is the other method for reshaping ugly noses—by inclosing them in plaster moulds of the desired cast to be worn by the patient, strapped tightly to the face, when going to bed.

If Nature has been niggardly to you in the matter of eyebrows and even eyelashes, you can, no matter your sex, obtain a remedy at 10s. 6d. and 5s. respectively.

Supposing you wanted a pair of eyelashes, the assistant would select a set whose colour exactly matched your hair. Along the upper edge of the eyelashes runs a tiny strip of transparent fish-skin. The assistant takes a fine brush, dips it in a special kind of spirit gum, and applies it to the thread-like skin. Then, with a marvellous dexterity and fineness of touch, he adjusts the skin to the edge of the eyelid.

A pair of heated curling-irons, seized with a lightning movement, are deftly placed so that the points of hair depending from the strip of skin curl up at an entrancing angle. Eyebrows, also of human hair, can be similarly affixed, and look quite as natural as the Nature-provided article.

There is nothing, indeed, which the beauty doctors do not promise the possessors of defects and fat purses.

Eyes they can brighten, ears they can alter, lips they can redden, teeth they can render veritable pearls of perfection, hands they can change from "spatulate" to the delicate "conic" of the aristocracy, waists they can reduce at will, while necks and arms they are ready to make plump or otherwise perfect according to their clients' preferences.

HOW TO BECOME TALLER.

If you are fat or thin, or even short—there is no reason, according to the beauty doctors, why you should not be a Venus or an Apollo.

To secure height by paying a heavy figure you can undergo an operation of the gland situated in the throat under the larynx.

This, declares one expert in beauty, is the key to the human stature, and there is no reason why, after you have paid his fee, you should not attain the maximum height.

But this is not the only method. Another expert has a secret process of operating upon the joints of the ankles and knees daily with an electric bulb.

This means that the osseous matter at the section of the joints is expanded, and the growth of the bones stimulated, the consequences being that the limbs are materially lengthened. The electric bulb is also applied to the spine.

Altogether the height can be increased 2½ inches in six months—according to its inventor. Of course, the patient must be young and supple, otherwise grave consequences might ensue in stretching the joints.

NO FUTURE PROSPECTS.

DR. CHARGEM: "Your friend needs vigorous treatment; I never saw a man in such a state of mental depression. Can't you convince him that the future holds some brightness for him?"

Sympathetic Friend: "That is unfortunately impossible. He has drawn his salary for three weeks ahead, and spent the money."

MISS JOYCE: "Yes, Jack and I are to become partners for life."

Miss Means: "And you will be the senior partner. How nice!"

NEWLYWED: "Why, I never thought of saving until I got married."

Bachelor: "And do you now?"

Newlywed: "Oh, yes, indeed! I'm continually thinking how much I might save if I wasn't married."

WHY HE LOST THE PATIENT.

PHYSICIAN: "Diet is the main thing in this case. Your husband eats too much. That is a feature of the disease, and he should be watched."

Mrs. Youngwife: "But doctor, he is always so hungry. What can I do?"

Physician (absently): "Couldn't you prepare his meals yourself?"

"Is she very much in love?"

"Much in love? Yes, indeed! She heard someone say that all the world loves a lover, and she's been jealous ever since."

AN inquiring man thrust his hand into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth it had, and the horse closed its mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

IT INTERESTED HER.

"AND what is to be the subject of your lecture to-night, Professor?"

"Well, my dear young lady, I can hardy hope it will have much interest for you. I shall lecture on 'Sun Spots.'"

"Oh, but that's of the greatest interest to me. I shall certainly come. You have no idea how I suffer from freckles."

MOTOR-BICYCLE CONTEST CLOSES THIS WEEK.

Motor-Cycles worth £30 each for Winners and £15 15s. Bicycles for Witnesses.

IN order to be in the running for a motor-bicycle all you have to do is to get the form printed below properly filled in, and send it, together with three other properly filled in coupons, to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., to arrive not later than by first post on Thursday, September 8th. Mark your envelope "Motor-Bicycle" in the top left-hand corner.

You will see by reference to the form that you are asked to fill in your name as one who wants a motor-bicycle, and you must ask four of your friends (not members of your household), who, at the present time, are not regular readers of *Pearson's Weekly*, to think of the best reasons they can why you should have a motor-bicycle.

These reasons they must express in not more than twenty words, must fill in on your forms, and must add their names and addresses.

The four coupons may all be taken either from this week's issue or from both this and last week's issues.

The sender of what is in the opinion of the Editor the best set of four reasons will win a motor-bicycle, *and each of the four persons who signs the coupons which have entitled the winner to a motor-bicycle will be presented with a £15 15s. Humber bicycle.*

We do not wish to preclude our lady readers from entering this competition, and, therefore, should a lady win the first prize she can still have the motor-bicycle to present to one of her male friends, or she can choose a lady's safety bicycle for herself.

Any competitor can send as many sets of coupons as he pleases, but each set must be posted in a separate envelope. A form similar to the one printed herewith appeared in *Pearson's Weekly* last week, and you should at once go round amongst your friends who do not take *Pearson's Weekly*, and invite them to assist you in winning such a magnificent prize.

The Editor's decision is final and conclusive, and competitors may enter only on that understanding.

The motor-bicycles are supplied by the famous firm of Humber and Co., which is a guarantee of their excellence.

LAST COUPON.

NOTICE TO WITNESS.

If the Competitor who asks you to sign this Coupon wins a Motor-Bicycle, we will present you with a splendid Fifteen-Guinea Bicycle free of cost.

(2. 1/9/04.)

I, ...

(Insert name and address of competitor) *of*.....

.....

am anxious to possess a Motor-Bicycle, and I have therefore asked the person whose name and address appear on this form, to tell the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY why he thinks I should win the prize.

I, ...

(Insert name and address of witness) *of*.....

.....

think Mr. ..... *should have a Motor-Bicycle because:*

and I hereby declare that I have not, up to the present, been a regular reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY (but we hope you will be in future.—Ed. P.W.).

ANOTHER MOTOR-BICYCLE WILL BE OFFERED NEXT WEEK.

Holiday Makers in Queer Plights.

When Travellers have been Placed in Awkward Predicaments.

A Bather at Boulogne had his Clothes Stolen.

While a Tourist in Scotland Encountered a Mad Boatman.

To have his fashionable suit of clothes exchanged for a set of rags was the awkward experience of Mr. Harry MacArthur, while bathing recently at Boulogne. That was not the only adventure, however, which befell the unfortunate holiday-maker, for owing to the rags he was perforce compelled to wear, he was arrested and imprisoned until the police discovered that they had made a mistake.

It happened in this way. Mr. MacArthur, a young Londoner, had engaged a bathing machine, and was swimming some distance out, when a pickpocket, pursued by the police, took refuge in the holiday-maker's machine.

Quickly discarding his clothes for those of the bather, the pickpocket soon emerged in the guise of a fashionable man, and passed beneath the very noses of the police unnoticed.

A few minutes later Mr. MacArthur returned to the machine to find his clothes gone, and in their place a heap of rags.

CLOTHES AND MONEY STOLEN.

The proprietor of the machines, a Frenchman, with a most meagre knowledge of English, was most profuse in his apologies, but expostulations and gesticulations on the part of Mr. MacArthur, who knew nothing of French, could not bring back his suit to him, and he was reluctantly compelled to don the rags.

He had no sooner left the machine than the police pounced on him, and despite his protests, imprisoned him until inquiries were made.

While staying at the Grand Hotel, Naples, a gentleman, whose rooms were on the ground floor, imprudently left his windows open when retiring for the night.

Next morning, he discovered that a thief had entered the room while he was fast asleep and had stolen everything he possessed. His clothes and other luggage, money, jewellery, railway ticket—all were gone.

Until his friends in England could be communicated with, and money sent him, the tourist had to borrow sufficient funds from the hotel proprietor to purchase a complete outfit so that he could leave his bed.

NO THOUGHT OF THANKS.

Seeing a boy get out of his depth while bathing last summer from Yarmouth beach, a London visitor named Baldwin naturally went to his assistance. Together with a resident, he launched a boat, but before they had reached the boy the craft capsized in the breakers.

An exciting scene followed. Mr. Baldwin managed to get ashore, but the resident, a Mr. Bly, being struck by the boat, was rescued in an unconscious condition.

But what had become of the boy? He was nowhere to be seen. A number of men were about to enter the water in a search for him when someone noticed that his clothes, which had stood in a heap on the beach, had suddenly disappeared.

Then, to the surprise of rescuers and everyone, it was learnt that the boy had been flung ashore by a big wave, had hurriedly dressed himself, and had trotted off home, being lost sight of in the confusion which followed the boat's capsizing.

FIGHT WITH A BOATMAN.

An even more thrilling adventure was that of Mr. William Mitchell, of Winchmore Hill, Enfield, who spent his holiday a couple of seasons ago in the Island of Arran.

Engaging a fisherman to row him some distance out in his boat, Mr. Mitchell was suddenly startled by the boatman inquiring as to whether he would rather pay £5 or be thrown overboard. Darkness had set in and the nearest boat was a speck on the horizon.

As it happened, Mr. Mitchell had a roll of bank-notes in his pocket, but he decided to keep them and chance his luck. Shouting for help with all his might, the holiday-maker at last had the satisfaction of seeing three boats set out in pursuit.

Enraged at being baffled, the boatman next commenced an attack on his patron, when in the struggle the boat struck against a rock, and the two men, locked in each other's arms, disappeared into the sea.

They were eventually rescued, and next day the fisherman was sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

To find himself on a ledge of cliff, unable to get up or down, being seen only from the sea, was the unpleasant predicament in which an insurance agent named Edward Storm was placed some weeks back, whilst a visitor to Whitby.

He had climbed the cliffs between Robin Hood's Bay and Whitby, and elation at his success had led him on and on until he could go no further, when his great danger suddenly dawned on him.

After an hour's frantic signalling, Mr. Storm at last attracted the attention of a fisherman, but four hours elapsed before he could be rescued, thoroughly exhausted, and with shattered nerves, from his perilous position.

Every season a large number of Londoners suddenly discover, when too late, despite the strenuous cries of "outside boat for Margate," or Yarmouth, as the case may be, that they have boarded the wrong vessel, and are bound for a seaside resort they had no intention of visiting; but a young mechanic and his bride, who were on their honeymoon trip, last summer, found themselves in a worse predicament.

They had made arrangements to stay at a house in Yarmouth, when they suddenly awoke to the fact that they were well on the way to Margate.

To add to their misfortunes, the bridegroom had had his pocket picked, while the bride, having spent all her cash in purchasing her trousseau, had only a shilling or two in her purse.

Arrived at Margate, a visit to "uncle," and a loan on the bridegroom's watch, enabled the pair to obtain lodging for the night, while a telegram to his parents explaining their plight was the means of their receiving the wherewithal in order to proceed to Yarmouth two days later.

THE RESULT OF A FREE TRIP.

Quite a large number of Liverpudlians, too, when seeing their friends off, used to make involuntary voyages to the Isle of Man, before the directors, because of its so frequent occurrence, forbade any but passengers to go aboard their vessels. It is doubtful, however, whether one young fellow, named Frank Hollis, when a visitor to the Isle of Man, will ever forget the unwilling trip he made to Liverpool.

He was seeing some girl friends off at Douglas, and was in such animated conversation with them, that he did not realise, until too late, that the vessel was moving. The sea was very rough, and before long almost every passenger was suffering from seasickness, but young Hollis had a most acute attack.

On the vessel's reaching Liverpool, he was in such a bad state that he could not get on his feet and walk ashore. He had to be carried from the vessel to a boarding-house, which he was unable to leave in order to return to Douglas until three days afterwards.

A predicament far worse than this, however, was the lot of a newly-united couple who had come to Darlington, Durham's well-known watering-place, for their honeymoon.

SLEEPING IN A BATH.

On arriving at the house at which they had arranged to stay, the pair discovered, to their chagrin, that somehow the landlady had overlooked them, and that every room in her house was "let." There was only one thing to do—search elsewhere for lodgings. But these were not to be had for love or money.

In despair they returned again to the landlady, who at last suggested fitting up the bathroom for them.

During the night all went well, but towards early morning the whole household were aroused by piercing shrieks proceeding from the improvised bedroom. When the terrified landlady and her maid had burst open the door a melodramatic scene met their eyes.

Pouring down on the unfortunate couple was a continuous shower of cold water, which had half drowned the "happy pair," who were blindly groping in the semi-darkness for an exit.

The bride, it appeared, under the impression that what appeared to be a bell-pull communicated with the landlady and her maid, had tugged at the cord with the result that the apparatus for giving a shower-bath was set working, and continued to pour on them until the arrival of the landlady put a stop to the unpleasant dousing.

Miss de Brown: "I can trace my ancestors back to the Reformation."

Miss de Smith: "That's nothing; I can trace mine back years and years before they attempted to reform."

"How's the earth divided?" asked a pompous examiner, who had already worn out the patience of the class.

"By earthquakes," replied one boy; after which the examiner found that he had had enough of that class.

Ethel: "You say Algy has been deceived by a young woman. Did she lead him on to think that she loved him?"

May: "Oh, no; she let him believe she didn't care a rap for him, and then when he carelessly proposed she accepted."

DRAPERS WHO CAME THEIR CUSTOMERS.

London Shopkeepers who Beat Women.

At all the large sales in the West-End, a number of wealthy women attend not so much to buy any goods as to see the bargains. Then comes the terrible temptation to annex something which fascinates the weak creature who glances at it.

It is not that the woman cannot afford to purchase the article. She is a kleptomaniac—she cannot help thieving.

She attends the sales solely in order that she may find a favourable opportunity to purloin a few valuables. One of the leading West-End firms employs at sale times a special staff of from forty to fifty private detectives to cope with the thieving.

Such a staff requires the expenditure of a large amount of money. The directors, however, have found out that it pays them well. It is no uncommon event for a customer to be detected trying to hide a fur, value £50, or something of the sort.

Kleptomaniacs have all sorts of devices by which they can stow away articles, quickly and conveniently. Small articles are generally hidden by the assistance of a muff. Larger articles are secreted under a cape or cloak.

A case was brought to light a short time ago, in which the kleptomaniac had tied an ordinary pillow-slip round her waist, underneath her skirt. It was attached beneath a pocket made in the side of the skirt near the front. By this arrangement it was an easy matter to slip any fair-sized article from the counter into the hidden receptacle.

Suspicion was aroused by the rapidity with which she became unnaturally stout. She was watched.

When accused, she was highly indignant, of course, but a vast collection of goods was brought to light when she was searched.

In scores of cases the husband is aware of his wife's failings in this direction. Then the lady is watched closely, and the goods stolen are entered into a special account.

Quarterly statements are rendered to the husbands, who settle the accounts, thus ending the matter.

In most cases, however, the articles taken are placed to the debit of the fair thief herself. It is a rare occurrence for her to challenge the correctness of the bill. Usually the account is paid without a murmur.

This custom is not followed by one very fashionable firm. Losses by kleptomania became so common that the head decided to take stronger methods in order to give the thieves a lasting lesson in the evil of their ways.

The method adopted was highly successful in every way, and other West-End firms have followed the example set.

The usual method of charging for the articles stolen had not the slightest effect in checking the evil. Those women who were detected paid their bills and continued their ways.

Those who were undetected went on as usual. The tradesmen suffered the loss of a large quantity of goods, and had no remedy.

The new method, of which the following is an example, stopped all this.

A lady of wealth was seen to appropriate a couple of shawls. This was not the first time she had been seen to steal, but she became more daring with every success. It was decided that she must be taught a lesson.

She was allowed to ramble through the different departments, examining some goods, secreting others, but buying none.

It was not until she was carelessly wending her way towards the door, that her movements were checked. A polite shop-walker confronted her, and expressed the desire that my lady would follow him.

He led her to one of the private sitting-rooms. Madam entered, and at once was accused of stealing a host of things.

She denied, expostulated, and raved. Seeing this made no difference, she pleaded. Weeping bitterly, she begged that she might be forgiven, but the lady manager remained firm.

The wealthy thief promised never again to steal. Disclosure would mean social ruin to her, and trouble with her husband.

After a stormy scene she was threatened with being charged with theft, and being handed over to the police. The alternative was that she should receive a sound thrashing.

It is scarcely necessary to state that she chose the alternative course. Its effects would be painful, but her character would not be smirched in the eyes of all.

Two lady assistants were called into the room. The door was locked, and the wealthy thief was placed at one corner of the table, and her ankles strapped to the table legs. Then she was bent over on the table face down, and her wrists were strapped to two of the remaining corners. Thus trussed she was vigorously belaboured with a yard measure.

Finally she was released, and assisted out of the shop, never to steal again in all probability.

In "The World Through Other Eyes" series, in the September ROYAL MAGAZINE, the Fireman is described.

Mr. P. Doubleyou has a 4¾d. Lunch with Mr. Eustace Miles.

"ARE you engaged for lunch to-day?" asked the Editor, sweetly.

"Thanks," I said, "I shall be delighted, of course. One o'clock, I suppose, as usual?"

"If," he resumed, "you are not engaged for lunch, I wish you to try proteids and pulses."

"Never heard of the restaurant. Where is it?"

"It is not a restaurant, but a dieting system. It is invented by Mr. Eustace Miles, our famous physical culture specialist, who has consented to entertain you at his hospitable board at the trivial cost to himself of 4¾d."

Now, I strongly suspected this to be a trap to lure me into vegetarianism. Not that I have anything to say against that style of diet, but I always believe in having something substantial first. A vegetarian dish is all right as a pleasant after-lunch or dinner diversion, but I have never been able to regard it as in itself a meal.

It was with some trepidation, therefore, that I crept into West Kensington, and sought out Mr. Eustace Miles in his rooms. I was reassured when I saw him. He could not, I reasoned, be a vegetarian with a figure like that, and such a hand-grip.

I BEGIN MY MEAL.

I was bidden to sit down at a table. It was ominously stocked with fruit, and much to my concern I realised that on my left hand side were no fewer than seven forks, whereas to my right was but one insignificant little knifelet. What could it mean? Could there, I asked myself, be something between vegetarianism and flesh-food, a sort of dietary fourth dimension? I tremulously awaited my answer.

First came in some soup. It was rich, and brown, and luscious looking. I spooned some, and found that on stirring the soup, I was disturbing a rich undercurrent of fluid. Then I tasted it.

It seemed to me to be the first soup I had really tasted in an inefficient career. What could it be? What mysterious wild-fowl could Mr. Miles have netted in his adventurous career and involved in such a delicious concoction?

I talked like this about the soup for some minutes, and Mr. Miles carefully watched me. Then he delivered himself.

SOUP AT ¾d. THE HELPING.

"You like that soup?" he said. "That is quite enough. Now, the first principle of proper dieting is to satisfy the taste. The more palatable a dish, the better it sets in action the digestive juices. What is the soup made of? Pot-herbs, which are carrots, turnips, greens and leeks; and marmite. It costs exactly ¾d. a helping for materials."

I did not put to Mr. Miles the downright question, "Are you a vegetarian?" It might have been rude. I decided to await the next course, the taste of the soup lingering pleasantly on my palate.

"Having satisfied your taste," said Mr. Miles, between the whiles, "the next course will be devoted to body-building. Your digestive organs have been set going by the soup, and we must now proceed to erect something solid on that foundation."

"Sounds as if roast beef were coming along," I put in, mischievously.

"Well," he said, "perhaps you will not be disappointed."

I was relieved. He evidently was *not* going to vegetarianise me right there. I sat eagerly watching the expected arrival of the sirloin, or forequarter, or silverside, or whatever it might be.

I MARVEL AT THE FLAVOURS.

Instead of this, however, Mr. Miles' trusty and knowing aide-de-camp, Peter, appeared the triumphant bearer of what looked to me like a plate of hedgehogs, some mysterious yellow looking pudding mixture, and a dish of sea-weed. So this was the promised body-building stuff. The rest of it consists chiefly capable of even jerry-building me. But how grievous was my mistake.

"This is not, as you will observe, beef," said Mr. Miles, "but it is supposed to contain far more nourishment. Beef only contains from 20 to 30 per cent. of body-building stuff. The rest of it consists chiefly of water—70 per cent.

I was helped to a hedgehog, some spoonfuls of the pudding, and a strip of sea-weed. Then I began to eat. Great Gardenstuff! I reflected, where did Mr. Miles get his flavours? I began to suspect that he must keep a private stud of hitherto unknown animals somewhere round the back of his rooms, as the flavour was distinctly meaty, only a good deal more tasty.

"And what quadruped or biped are we at present consuming?" I asked. "Where did you shoot it?"

"There is no flesh whatever in that," he said.

I flatly disbelieved this, but refrained from saying so, as Mr. Miles is a physical culturist.

"What you are eating is beans, lentils, cheese, and Brussels sprouts, a small onion, pepper and salt and breadcrumbs."

"Your food is, then," I said, at last, "nothing but vegetarian."

"No," said Mr. Miles, emphatically, "it is fleshless, that's all. By the introduction of proteids—this is, from milk proteid, eggs, and cheese—my diet cannot be called vegetarian. By the use of cheese and sauces an animal flavour can be imparted to vegetable diet, thus taking away its insipidity. Cheese is one of the secrets."

And then Mr. Miles confided to me a thing or two about cheese, which opened my eyes. By judiciously blending it with sauces, chutney, and the like, it can almost reproduce a large number of assorted flavours.

"I have just completed a recipe," said Mr. Miles, "for imitating a shrimp. Try this sandwich, and tell me if it doesn't taste fishy."

I took a sandwich from the plate, and had it not been for Mr. Miles' confession, I should certainly have said "shrimps" right away. He proved to me, beyond doubt, however, that it was really an imitation. Mr. Miles could reproduce a sausage, and told me that Lady Paget had actually arrived at *foie-gras!*

I asked on what wonderful lines he found this possible.

CONCOCTIONS OF VEGETABLES ARE SERVED.

"In the course of making up my 500 odd recipes," he said, "my cook and I occasionally hit on a familiar taste. I say to myself, 'Now what is that like?' and, perhaps, associate it with shrimps, sausages, or some other fish, fowl, or good red herring. Then we set to work to improve on it, and make it more and more like the animal food in question. Finally, we hope to succeed in reproducing the tastes of most animal foods."

It seemed that when that shall happen it will be a poor look-out for animals as diet. For such reputation as they have still left is rapidly being undermined by Mr. Miles' theories.

Having had my body built up steadily by lentil cutlets, beans *au gratin*, and salad, we proceeded to the next course.

"It's not much to look at," said Mr. Miles, as Peter brought in a small, white dish, a Plasmon blancmange, to be precise, "but it is a wonder for its size. It is appetising, body-making, and heating."

Our next course was another triumph for Mr. Miles. It was a cheese savoury, a little brown ball, resembling in appearance that queer fruit known as the medlar. I asked what deep, mysterious effect this was having on me, and Mr. Miles simply said:

"It is pleasant to the taste, that is all. It leaves you with an agreeable memory of your meal, and, therefore, induces content in the system. That is highly important. I am no believer in flat, insipid foods. My object is to make everything as enjoyable to the taste as additional flavouring can make it.

LIVING ON 2d. A DAY.

Summed up, my lunch with Mr. Miles had had the following results: My taste had been gratified, my appetite satisfied. My body had been built up, cooled, cleansed, and rid of congestion, and all at the rate of 4¾d.

Mr. Miles himself has satisfied his appetite at the rate of 2d. a day per week, and could subsist comfortably for an indefinite time on that amount. The secret here, it seemed, lies in split peas, beans, lentils, skim-milk. The first three are said to be more nourishing than beef, and are almost imperishable, and skim-milk is to be obtained at the rate of 3d. per gallon.

Mr. Miles does not so strongly disapprove of coffee after a meal, for the following novel reason: It is not at all good in its own effect on the system, but the knowledge that it is "coming on" keeps a diner resting for a sufficient time after his meal to aid his digestion.

I think I shall—some day—go in regularly for Mr. Miles' diet. My sole lingering love of flesh is in its tastiness. That it is good for me I really do not believe. But if in the near future, the flavour of roast beef, chicken, fish, and other such delicacies can be imitated, in a dish which imparts to your system all their nourishing powers, and a lot else besides, why then, not go in for it?

But, readers, this is between ourselves. I am adding it to this article without the Editor's knowledge. If he even got to know that I could live on 4¾d. a day, in the lap of luxury, he would start retrenching my salary.

AGATHA: "What are you standing there and gazing up at that window for?"

Marie (agitated): "Willie has gone up to ask papa to consent to our engagement, and I want to stand under to break his fall."

CHEMIST (to poor woman): "You must take this medicine three times a day after meals."

Patient: "But, sir, I seldom get meals these 'ard times."

Chemist (passing on to next customer): "Then take it before them."

GREAT MEN WITH HUMBLE FRIENDS.

Persons of Position who have Comrades in Lower Spheres.

IT is said that Mr. James McGarry, the original of "Mr. Dooley," made famous by Mr. Dunne, a well-known American journalist, is a saloon-keeper in Chicago.

Although only filling that humble, if useful, position in life, his little back room in the small house in Dearborn Street was a favourite resort for politicians, actors, lawyers and even judges, who would sit for hours with mine host chatting over the events and topics of the day.

Many of his friends among this band of prominent men would confide in him to an unusual degree, telling him of their private worries and seeking his advice on domestic and other matters.

Under all circumstances he could be trusted not to repeat anything that might properly be regarded as a secret, though he would not open his lips in answer to a request not to divulge information, as if he considered it superfluous for anyone to think him capable of betraying confidence.

Dr. Thomson, a late Archbishop of York, had a friend in Fossgate Street of that ancient city, named Richardson, who kept a small hosiery and woollen goods shop.

As a Sunday-school teacher Mr. Richardson had made a very favourable impression upon the prelate, who seldom passed the modest and dark little shop without popping in to exchange a few words on subjects of common interest to them both.

The Archbishop was by no means afraid of being seen sitting there with one elbow resting on the counter.

Not long ago the newspapers told an astonished public that an English judge travelled to the railway station nearest his home morning by morning in a local milk-cart.

The report was perfectly true, and it might have been added to by the writer had he said that the milkman and the judge occasionally held almost heated conversations on such questions as cattle food and the spread of consumption through drinking milk from unhealthy cows.

Another of the King's judges, Mr. Justice Bruce, is on the Committee of Management of one of the big London hospitals. His lordship pays frequent visits to the institution, and it is not unusual for him to take a walk through the wards, accompanied by the matron or the steward, when he will address words of kindness and encouragement to a few of the patients.

Mr. Gladstone was positively noted for the number of friends he possessed in humble walks of life. Booksellers and bootmakers, to whom a county squire would give but a passing word, counted upon his sympathy and help.

"Old Margaret," the old lady who for many years drove the Hawarden carrier's cart to and from Chester, was as much at home with the great and honoured statesman as she was with one of her numerous grandchildren.

Mr. Gladstone would stand and chat and laugh with her whenever he met her, that was if the old lady would vouchsafe to pull up her horse, for sometimes she was behind time and rather than delay the transmission of passengers and goods she would make a profoundly low bow to the Grand Old Man and drive proudly on her way, leaving him standing by the road side.

An old valet of the Prince of Wales died at Clapham not long ago. This old servant of His Royal Highness was regarded in many respects as a dear old friend.

He had known the King's sons since boyhood, and had accompanied them among other journeys on their voyage round the world, and when the late Duke of Clarence lay on his death-bed the old servant, by special request, tended him with all the affection and tenderness of a woman.

The late President McKinley was a gentleman who often talked of his friends who filled positions in life vastly different from his own. It is said of him that if ever he wished for an absolutely true and unbiassed opinion on any project he had in view, he would seek out one of his faithful friends in humble circumstances and talk the matter quietly over with him.

That President Roosevelt is not entirely unlike his predecessor is clear, from the report that his own children are being educated with the offspring of his coachman.

Doubtless Mr. Roosevelt realises that it is an excellent thing for children, no matter what their station in life may be, to associate with those whose lot has not been cast in the same groove. He is said to believe that there is no beauty equal to that of the mind, and that only a modest and humble disposition is worth cultivating.

The Duke of Norfolk is a nobleman who rejoices in sharing the confidence of many of his tenants whose annual rents do not exceed £50.

His Grace even goes the length of dressing much after the manner of a simple country farmer, and he has before now been mistaken for a likely recipient of a "tip" from one who probably had not as many pence as his Grace has pounds.

Everyone interested in swimming should get Montague Holbein's book, "Swimming." Price one shilling.

No. 6.

The Brothers Wakefield.

ONE lovely autumn morning in the year 1828, Edward Gibbon Wakefield, barrister-at-law, sat in his chambers in the Temple bemoaning his hard fate.

His trouble was that very common one—lack of money.

Although not exactly briefless, his practice brought him in but little. And although he had a small private income, it had been heavily mortgaged.

In this dilemma he consulted his brother, William Wakefield, whose advice was in effect:

"Abduct an heiress, and marry her."

Edward started and stared. It was a serious suggestion in more senses than one.

Only a few years previously the person acting upon it would have been guilty of a capital offence. Even then, he would be rendering himself liable to penal servitude for life. Nevertheless, it was a project that appealed strongly to Edward Wakefield.

Besides, he had once before engaged in a somewhat similar adventure. He had eloped with his first wife from school; but she had died, leaving him a widower with two young children.

AN HEIRESS IS CHOSEN.

A list of as many wealthy spinsters as could be discovered was drawn up, and eventually a certain Miss Ellen Turner was selected.

Although but a school-girl of barely fifteen, she was reported to be ravishingly beautiful, and as modest and good as she was pretty. Her own private fortune was considerable, and she was her father's only child and sole heiress.

Mr. Turner's property consisted of landed estates in Cheshire, of which county he was then High Sheriff.

The young lady was being educated at a high-class private school near Liverpool, kept by a Mrs. Daulby. Thither, therefore, when the abduction was actually decided upon, went the precious pair of brothers.

But first they called a short halt at Manchester, where a handsome carriage and pair were purchased. A driver and coachman were also engaged, and were dressed in livery made in imitation of that usually worn by Mr. Turner's men-servants.

WHAT THE PLOT WAS.

Then, all being ready, it was decided to carry out the project without further delay.

At eight o'clock in the morning the handsome equipage dashed up to Mrs.. Daulby's door, and the coachman explained in agitated terms to that lady that Mrs. Turner had been striken with mortal illness, and that he had instructions to drive Miss Turner direct to Shrigley, the family residence.

In addition to these verbal instructions he alleged he had received, the servant brought a letter for Miss Turner, which purported to have been written by the family physician, and in which the unsuspecting girl was urged to lose not a moment if she wished to see her mother alive.

Naturally greatly agitated, Miss Turner prepared to enter the carriage, but half drew back on noticing that the face of the coachman was unfamiliar to her.

The man, however, primed by the brothers, told her a plausible story about his having been only recently engaged at Shrigley.

THE ABDUCTION TAKES PLACE.

The explanation was deemed sufficient, and Miss Turner consented to be driven (as she thought) to her home. The road taken was *viâ* Manchester, where the servant said a Dr. Hull was in waiting to go on with them to Shrigley.

At Manchester, however, the carriage stopped at the Albion Hotel, and the young lady was ushered into a private room.

She had been there but a few minutes, when Mr. Edward Wakefield presented himself before her.

He was, he said, her father's friend and confidential adviser, and had been intrusted by him (Mr. Turner) with the unpleasant duty of telling her some very bad news.

He was able, however, he continued, to relieve her anxiety concerning the health of her mother.

Mrs. Turner was quite well. The real reason for her having been summoned from school was the state of her father's affairs.

Mr. Turner was ruined, and was at that moment flying towards the Scottish borders, pursued by the sheriff's officers.

His (Wakefield's) instructions were to ask Miss Turner to accompany him to Kendal, where Mr. Turner would await them.

This story was certainly lacking in the first elements of probability. But the person it was intended to deceive was a young and inexperienced girl, and it answered the purpose of its originator.

Half an hour later the carriage, with the sham family retainer on the box, was being driven rapidly northward, and inside it were Miss Ellen Turner, the rich heiress, and Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the unsuccessful barrister.

On their arrival at Kendal there was, of course, no Mr. Turner, and the girl became seriously alarmed. Wakefield, who it is only fair to say, behaved in the most circumspect way towards her, begged her to remain calm; and, leaving her at an inn, went for a walk round the town.

On his return, he alleged that he had seen and spoken with a messenger from her father, who he said, had gone on to Carlisle.

Following this he told the young lady a long story, the purport of which was that the only way she could save her father from utter ruin, and perhaps lifelong imprisonment, was by marrying him (Wakefield) without delay.

Although terribly alarmed, and utterly unstrung, the girl nevertheless allowed herself to be partly persuaded and partly coerced into resuming the journey northward.

FRESH LIES ARE TOLD.

At Carlisle she was told that Mr. Turner was in the town, but could not show himself. Nothing, declared her abductor, could now avail that unhappy gentleman, save only the certificate of his daughter's marriage.

Hearing this, and firmly believing it, Miss Turner's filial affection rose superior to all scruples. She, herself, urged that the horses should be driven at top speed; and so soon as the border was crossed, she accompanied Wakefield quite willingly to the house of the famous blacksmith at Gretna Green, and there went through the ceremony that made them husband and wife.

Following this came fresh lies on the part of Edward Wakefield. Mr. Turner, he solemnly swore, had returned to Shrigley, and would meet them in London.

To the capital, therefore, journeyed the strangely-assorted couple, the girl anxious and grief-stricken, Wakefield also, now that the deed was done, gloomy and taciturn.

Nevertheless, he treated the young lady with courtesy, and made no difficulty in acceding to her request that they should occupy separate rooms.

SEARCHING FOR THE MISSING GIRL.

But when London was at length reached he had no hesitation in still further deceiving her. Mr. Turner, he now pretended, had gone to France; and thither, after much persuasion, his daughter consented to go in search of him.

Meanwhile, the strange disappearance of the young Cheshire heiress had roused the country. Her friends had traced her to Manchester, and thence to Carlisle. And Wakefield, feeling doubtless that it was the best thing he could do under the circumstances, wrote to Mrs. Turner at Shrigley and boldly avowed his guilt.

The letter wound up by assuring the mother that the daughter was devotedly attached to the writer, who, for his part, would "do all in his power to promote her happiness in life."

No answer was vouchsafed to this impudent epistle, but an uncle of the abducted girl, accompanied by detectives and the family solicitor, set out at once for Calais.

Luck favoured the party, for as they stepped on the pier from the boat, there in front of them was the young lady they were in search of arm in arm with Mr. Wakefield.

"You scoundrel," cried the uncle, addressing the latter, "give me back my niece."

"The lady is my wife," retorted Wakefield, in no wise abashed, "and I decline to surrender her to you or any other man."

THE END OF THE STORY.

Eventually the French authorities were appealed to, and the judge decided to leave the decision to the lady.

She at once left Wakefield's side, and went over to her uncle.

An hour later the young bride, who had never been a wife in anything but name, was on her way back to England with her friends.

Her abductor fled to Paris, but returned and surrendered himself on hearing that his brother had been arrested.

Both were tried in March the year following, and were sentenced to three years' imprisonment apiece.

The marriage was annulled by a special Act of Parliament, although Wakefield petitioned against it, and was brought from Newgate at his own request, to oppose the second reading.

After their release, the two brothers went abroad. William Wakefield served with distinction in a Continental army, rising to the rank of colonel, after which he went to New Zealand, and held an important position under Government. Edward Gibbon Wakefield attained to prominence and wealth in Western Australia.

Miss Ellen Turner (or Mrs. Wakefield as she was during a brief period), went back to school, and subsequently married Mr. Legh, of Lyme Hall, Cheshire, an ancestor of the present Lord Newton.

HEATHER BELLS.

Small Doses of Useful Information.

DOGS in Hamburg are taxed according to size.

ENGLAND has, on an average, sixty-six gales a year.

OVER a hundred kinds of wine are made in Australia.

THE Thames flows at the rate of two miles an hour.

AN average sheep weighing 152lb. gives 91lb. of mutton.

ABOUT 10,000 gross of pens are produced from a ton of steel.

AN express engine consumes ten gallons of water per mile.

THE horse succumbs to cold quicker than any other animal.

OVER 600,000 cattle are annually slaughtered to make beef extract.

ORANGE-JUICE is one of the best dressings for black shoes or boots.

ENGLAND exports umbrellas to the value of £610,000 every year.

SOME insects are in a state of maturity thirty minutes after birth.

ONE pound weight of cork will support in the water a man weighing 140lb.

THE first lighthouses had fires of wood and coal kindled at the top of them.

ON an average, no fewer than 200 people are killed by lightning every year.

A HORSE will live twenty-five days without food, merely drinking water.

AN inch of rain means that 101 tons of water have fallen upon every acre of soil.

THE Scilly group contains about forty islands, only five of them being inhabited.

SOME of the insurance companies of Paris refuse to insure people who dye their hair.

THE London Parks Committee has 3,815 acres under its control, with 800 gardeners.

SIXTEEN ounces of gold wash are sufficient to gild a wire that would incircle the earth.

THE Sultan of Turkey owns about 500 carriages. Collecting them is a fad with him.

IT is estimated that about 250,000,000 bricks are used monthly in the United Kingdom.

THE fish-hooks used to-day are precisely of the same form as those of two thousand years ago.

THE standard of height in the British Army is greater than in any other army in the world.

SULPHUROUS baths are supplied gratuitously in Paris to all persons employed in handling lead.

THE most intelligent insects are to be found in the ant tribe, and next to them rank wasps.

GREAT BRITAIN spends £22,500,000 a year on the support of the poor, exclusive of private charities.

MORE steel is used in the manufacture of pins than in all the sword and gun factories in the world.

THE King of Portugal has thirteen names, his eldest son has seventeen, and his youngest son thirteen.

CATERPILLARS from six inches to a foot long are common in the vicinity of the Darling River, Australia.

BEFORE becoming a policeman in Vienna, a man must be able to swim, row, and send a telegraphic message.

ARCTIC travellers have noticed that snow, when at a very low temperature, absorbs moisture and dries garments.

THE scales used in weighing diamonds are so delicately poised that the weight of a single eyelash will turn the balance.

GERMAN engine-drivers receive a gold medal and one hundred pounds for every ten years of service without accident.

THE letter "I" in the Chinese language has 145 ways of being pronounced, and each pronunciation has a different meaning.

THE title of "Majesty" was first given to Louis XI., of France. Before that time sovereigns were usually styled "Highness."

IN Sweden a separate car must be provided on suburban night trains out of Stockholm for the accommodation of intoxicated persons.

EVERY week 9,000,000 oysters are swallowed by the people of London. Half of the shells are broken up and used for asphalte paving.

BOTTLES now are being made of paper. They are for use particularly on shipboard, where heavy weather works havoc among glass receptacles.

IN the thirteenth century all the brewers and bakers were women. When men began to take up these trades, they were known as "men brewers" and "men bakers."

ONE person out of every twenty was a pauper fifty years ago, and one in every 700 a criminal. Now only one in thirty-six depends on the State, and one in 2,400 is committed for trial.

A STATISTICIAN affirms that the majority of people who attain old age have kept late hours. Eight out of ten who reach the age of eighty have never gone to bed till after twelve at night.

IN Japan, instead of "christening" a vessel about to be launched, a large cage full of birds is hung over the prow. Directly the ship is afloat the birds are released, the idea being that the birds in this way welcome the ship as she begins her life.

THE pay of a Russian army officer is very small. A full general gets from £300 to £400 a year in our money, according to the length of service; a lieutenant-general from £235 to £350; a major-general from £155 to £230; and a colonel commanding a three-battalion regiment, 2,400 strong, gets £120.

"At the Seaside." by Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis—see the September ROYAL MAGAZINE.

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE.

By HENRY T. JOHNSON,

Author of "The Snare of Gold," "Dead to the World," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE.

Augustus Wades a Little Deeper.

"THAT'S Dane's opinion, and he's always right!"

It was Leopold de Fonseca who spoke out of the depths of a luxurious lounge-chair between thoughtful puffs at his cigarette. And the burly man ceased pacing the deep pile carpet, and, seating himself on the table corner, said in a scared tone:

"Then the position's desperate; they've got me in a corner at last!"

"Looks like it," said Fonseca calmly, and his coolness seemed to goad the other to intenser agitation.

"It's all very well for you," he blurted out; "you're safe enough in the background!"

"That's the general's place; the heroic cavalry charges and forlorn hopes, and the rest of it, are the perquisites of smaller people."

"That's all very fine, but where do I come in?"

"My dear fellow, it looks as if you go in."

And Brettleby Scarth exclaimed:

"Yes, that's about it! I've kept them at bay for years, but they've got me in a corner; if they once get me down, they'll tear me to pieces, just to pay off old scores. They said as much over the last affair; they pooled ten thousand pounds to prosecute me, and only Dane's opinion saved me."

"Yes, they couldn't get past that!" and, as Fonseca smiled, his white teeth gleamed with a savagery of their own beneath the black moustache. "By Jove! if they had only known that the very paragraphs in the articles of association in the prospectus that he pointed out as unsurmountable were drafted by him, when you started the big boom, in anticipation of such joint attack as they meant making, it strikes me those highly respectable elderly gentleman would have made a joint attack on him then and there, eh?"

"I dareay!" the other answered impatiently. "But I'm thinking of my present fix. I tell you they're watching me like so many cats a mouse; I'm shadowed by detectives every step I take; even my own servants, I believe, are in their pay to watch and report. This fairy tale about my illness won't wash any longer; the courts decline to be put off even with medical certificates; the investing public are clamouring for my arrest. Time after time shareholders and investors have sworn they'll never rest till I'm landed in the dock; the very judges of the High Court are longing to sentence me!"

"Well, you see, you've played them all up pretty freely, and you've scooped some very tidy pools," and Fonseca airily waved his hand around the priceless paintings, bronzes, and other treasures of the apartment.

Brettleby Scarth, diving his hands into his pockets and staring through the windows of his palace across the park, bright with sunshine and verdure and gay with flowers, answered:

"Yes, I've raised my pile—a bigger pile than in the old days I ever dreamt of raising. I've gathered treasures with both hands and arms, and stored them in a beautiful treasure-house. My glorious racehorses skim across the turf and my beautiful yachts across the ocean, carrying my colours and my pennants to victory; my cellars are bursting with the rarest wines; my tables groan with gold and silver plate; my servants and retainers, all mustered, would form a German princeling's army—but what it all has cost me!

"The sleepless nights, the days of dread and trembling, the hours of same, with men's fingers pointed at me, and men's and women's voices flinging at me 'Thief! Liar! Swindler!' till I've envied my own office-boys, the men who groom my horses, who sweep my counting-houses, their peace of mind. And now, one touch, a breath in the weak place—and down the whole lot tumbles about my ears in chaos like a house of cards!"

"And all the King's horses and all the King's men will never put Humpty Dumpty together again!"

At the sound of Fonseca's chuckle, at the sight of his mocking features as he sat there like a sardonic Mephistopheles, Scarth set his hands and teeth like a soul in torment about to turn upon the fiend that mocked him.

But the other, so far from flinching, strode across towards him, clapped a hand heavily, almost violently, on his shoulder, and shouted:

"You lily-livered, craven-hearted coward! Buck up, and be a man! Take your fate in both hands and fight it through, and, if you go down, go down strangling it!"

"How? Leo, what do you mean? What's the card you're holding up your sleeve?" exclaimed the other, who knew his man, and read in the gleaming eyes, the flushed cheek, and the ringing voice some novel, bold, triumphant, though, perchance, desperate, idea.

"Pull yourself together! Have a drink!" said Fonseca, tensely and tersely, and, meanwhile, mixing himself a stiffish whisky peg.

Then, while the other listened with widening eyes and indrawn breath, he said:

"I've hit on a way out. I came right here to settle on it. Now, listen! This is Dane's view of our case—the view the courts must take of it—and not all the silk gownsmen and stuff gownsmen at all the Bars can shake it; the Bella Rosario Mining and Exploration affair stands revealed a swindle; the Chancery judge said so yesterday, the world is shouting it this morning."

"Look at that man across there by the railings. It's a plain-clothes man; he's waiting for me!" quavered Scarth.

"Don't talk, but listen! And the judge pointed out, exactly as Dane told us he must point out—that the weakness and the fraud of the thing consisted in the huge payments made by you, on behalf of the parent company, to yourself, and yourself, and yourself half a dozen times over, on behalf of the little mushroom companies this old goose, whose golden eggs are now all addled, hatched."

"A very pretty story, Leo; but I've heard it several times before, and as its sequel, when told at the Old Bailey, will probably be my sentence, excuse my not enthusing over it!"

"Bah, strong men make their own life-stories! Listen! Suppose you produce to the court, the Press, the public, the case laid three months ago by you before that eminent counsel, Franklin Dane, K.C., for his opinion as to the legality of those papers, and at the foot of that case Mr. Dane's opinion that such payments were invalid and must be refunded, pending, at all events, their authorisation by the shareholders in general meeting?"

"But, man, such a case was never laid before him. He never gave such an opinion; they don't exist!"

"Perhaps not, at present; but there's no reason why, with the assistance of that highly respectable solicitor, Mr. Taggers, and that eminent King's Counsel, Franklin Dane, they should not exist by this hour to-night!"

"Whew!" the financial swindler whistled. "But the brass, the brass, my boy—where is that?"

"Lying at Bland, Garthside, and Blasby's bank, to the credit of the Bella Rosario Mining and Exploration Company."

"Are you dreaming?"

"No, scheming!"

"In the case of another man, I should say you were raving. In the first place, how to get the money into the bank, and, worse still, how to get the deposit note dated back three months ago? Why, Leo, it's impossible! Old Gregory, who would have signed it at that date, was, as we know"—he paused—"murdered, only the other day!"

"Well, of course, we read the newspapers, but I've no doubt there are specimens of the gentleman's signature still extant, and an able artist—h'm——"

"I see! I see! But, then, it must be on the bank form."

"And we have an agent on the spot, though he is not absolutely aware of the identity of all his employers, nor of the scope of the great association that has controlled, directed, and prompted certain of his movements."

"Where is he?"

"Here, by my orders—punctual to the minute!" replied Fonseca, at the sound of a roll upon the heavy, huge brass knocker and a glance at his watch. And, a few moments later, a gorgeous footman ushered Augustus Panting into the palatial apartment.

Not even the black shadows of recent memories could quite eclipse his monkeyish vanity at being summoned to that stately mansion by his "friend the Count," who had thus crowned a cordiality of recent growth, which Augustus was nothing loth to reciprocate, albeit he had in the City learnt the true inwardness of Scarth's magnificence.

He bowed with much smirking to Brettleby Scarth, who, if he were a swindler, swindled in millions and shared his boodle with titled swells.

"Awfully kind of you to tear yourself away from the City," said Fonseca, "but Scarth and I wanted your advice on a rather important matter."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Augustus, airily. "I got leave—I mean, I can generally leave things to my staff!" and, availing himself of a proffered chair, whisky-and-soda, and cigar, he lighted the last and calmly awaited developments.

"We want you," said Fonseca, looking him steadily in the face, "to arrange for a sum of two hundred thousand pounds to be entered in the books of your bank as having been placed there on deposit just three months ago by the Bella Rosario Mining and Exploration Company Ltd."

"Eh! What?" Augustus set down his tumbler with a clatter, and sat bolt upright.

"Furthermore, to procure for us a formal, regular receipt for the same on the bank's regular form, unsigned; I'll see to that; ante-dated accordingly."

Augustus sat as if thunderstruck, then gave a weak, vacuous laugh.

"Ah, yes—yes, Count! Jolly good idea! What a chap you are! But what's the little joke?"

"It's no joke, Panting; it's business—solid, cold-iron business!"

"But," Augustus stammered, "how could such a thing be done?"

"Easily enough, with a chap like you inside, and under the circumstances; it could go through Fernside's books."

"They are under police supervision."

"You have access to them in the run of business."

Then Augustus, a strange dread seizing him, strove to turn his back to the wall and show fight.

"Count Leopold de Fonseca, Mr. Scarth, what does this proposal mean—this preposterous suggestion? What right have you to dare——"

But Fonseca pulled him up brusquely.

"Tut, tut! Don't waste time! You can do it; you can manage to have these entries made just as you managed others."

"Others! Confound you, sir! What do you mean? This insolence—this stupendous effrontery—— I'll—I'll leave this house——"

Summoning all the swagger of offended dignity at his command, he strode to the door. It was locked.

"What the dickens does this mean?" he growled defiantly.

But he was limp and cowed. Fonseca took him roughly by the collar, swung him round, and thrust him back into the chair.

"Sit there, till your orders are complete," he said sternly. "You've got to work this time for me—and not for Alfred Tutt!"

"Then the blackguard's blabbed!" exclaimed Augustus, in an agony of terror. "If he gives me away, he goes, too; he's in it to the neck!"

"Shut up!" said Fonseca. "No one's giving you away, and no one's got to go, if things are managed cleverly. Look here, Augustus, the time has now arrived for you to know that, all the while you've been acting ostensibly under Tutt's direction and control, he has been acting under mine, and they have been really my orders and my plans that you have carried out."

Augustus clapped his hands to his head; for some moments he remained silent. Multitudes of thoughts and recollections surged and revolved in his brain.

"I begin to understand things that used to puzzle me," he said feebly. "Then you've been in the know, Count, and you, Scarth? I knew it was a firm, but I'd no idea there were so many in it. Why, it's a regular——" he paused.

"Combine is the word!" the Count replied. "And now, Augustus, after all these explanations, let us get to business!"

Deeper, deeper in the Slough of Despond, with all hope of climbing back irrevocably gone, Augustus, an hour later, left that Park Lane mansion.

But then it was Park Lane, and they were gorgeous footmen; and people, passing, looked at the young swell, nobleman for all they knew, descending the magnificent, wide, marble steps, with a smart hansom awaiting him.

After all, Scarth was a crook, too! Fonseca was a crook! Lord! half the world didn't know how crookedly the other half lived, and it seemed to Augustus that the wider the scope of operations the less the offence. Yes—and the greater the security! And, after all, this new step simply made the others safer; yes, it would be far more dangerous now to go back than forward! And Augustus, taking heart of grace, swung his cane quite airily, then upheld it commandingly, as he addressed the cabman.

An old woman passed along with a shuffling gait, that, like her aspect, seemed to apologise humbly for her poverty, then timorously scanned the young swell within the palatial gates. And, of a sudden, the weak, old eyes dilated, the emaciated features quivered.

"My Gus!" she gasped.

The bells on his bridle jingling, the cab horse swept at a trot out of the mansion drive.

"Get out of it, you old fool!" the fare exclaimed.

A policeman just snatched her clear of the whizzing wheel, then, tempering authority with gruff, good temper, growled: "Here, mother, you must get along! You are not wanted about here!" which, in a dazed way, she reflected was quite too true. But, oh, what a swell he had become—her Gussie, her boy! Ah, and years ago he used to call her, in earnest, "mother!"

* * * * * *

The sunshine, the birds, the flowers, the waving boughs and grasses—all summer—seemed whispering to Gladys Dane: "Come, come, enough of sorrow! Why be sad?"

A step, her name in a voice far too familiar—Leopold de Fonseca, hat in hand, walked beside her!

"Have you weighed my last words?" he said. "Come, come! I can be so excellent a friend, so dangerous an enemy!"

"If you are a gentleman, if you are a man and not a coward, you will leave me!" she replied.

"Still defiant? Very well, remember your father's fate; his liberty lies in the hollow of my hand. Repulse me, and I can and will crush him. Remember!"

With these words, he stood there, watching her as she walked along, a haze before her eyes, ice at her heart.

A strident newsboy dodged through the well-dressed throng, flaunting a newsbill, clamouring: "Special edition! Bank Murder! Arrest of Henry Fernside!"

Then he was gone, the shout ringing in her ears—his shout and Fonseca's triumphant, mocking laugh!

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.

The Seals Relax.

THE murder of Jonas Gregory, the resulting inquest, the disappearance and subsequent arrest of Harry Fernside thrilled the public and furnished the newspapers with sensational material for even more than the proverbial nine days.

Of Fernside's guilt the Man in the Street had not the slightest doubt. In the train, the club, the restaurant, and the public-house he pieced the circumstantial evidence together with the triumphant air of the amateur expert in criminology, and, admitting that where circumstantial evidence had to be relied upon the motive must be sought, he found that motive in the accused's desperate anxiety to conceal the defalcations alleged against him.

Twelve good men and true, sworn to inquire into the matters relating to the death of Jonas Gregory, returned unhesitatingly a verdict of "Wilful Murder!" against Henry Fernside, the coroner's warrant for whose arrest was accordingly issued, and, that arrest effected, public excitement rose to concert pitch.

The Man in the Street, in the train, the club, the tavern triumphantly inquired of waverers and heretics what they thought of their Henry Fernside now. That he could sing a tender ballad tenderly, so far from being a point even sentimentally in his favour, was yet another clinching argument against him, since Richard III. had admitted, or, at all events, Shakespeare, who knew everything, had made him admit, that he could smile and murder while he smiled.

The most dangerous evidence of all against him, according

Everyone interested in swimming should get Montague Holbein's book, "Swimming." Price one shilling.

to the Man in the Street, was his incoherent, rambling statement made before the magistrate as to his having been assaulted and incarcerated, then, awaking out of a stupor, finding himself reclining on the park bench at daybreak.

And the smoking-carriage critics cautiously approved of the prudence of the solicitor acting for him, who, checking the rambling statement, declared that the prisoner at that stage had nothing to say, and, at the later hearing, when Harry was committed for trial on the capital charge, that he reserved his defence.

And so the accused man, lying in prison awaiting the law's supreme ordeal, was tried at the Bar of public opinion, tried by the Press and by the loafers of the tap-rooms and the street corners, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, his self-constituted judges refraining from committing themselves as to any mercy being vouchsafed to his soul.

To Cyrus T. Cormac the news came like a thunderbolt, wrecking his plans and shattering the characteristic ambition of the American to discover for and introduce to the British public yet another British star.

Mr. Seth Dallinger, too, was astounded at the reflection that he had encountered and conversed with Fernside a foot from the scene of the crime, had shaken the hand from which, according to one jury, the stain of murder had only newly been cleansed.

"It makes my old mother's words come true," he remarked. "'There's worse men in this world than my boy Jake,' she used to say, and, whatever Jake took from man or woman, he left 'em their lives, exceptin' in exceptional cases, when he was driv' to it. But this man wasn't driv' to that; he could have cleared right out as well before shedding the old man's blood as after, better by a sight. And that makes me wonder: Did he shed it?

"What reason had he to do it—to cover up his theft? What did he want to thieve bank-notes for with a voice of gold he could turn into 'em? 'Pears to me in his case there was no more sense in robbery than there was in murder. Somehow it kinder goes against my judgment, after all's said and done, to believe that outspoken, bright young man did that wicked thing; if he did, his face is the biggest liar of all the countenances I've ever looked into, not even exceptin' Jake's."

"It does me good, Seth, to hear you talk. It may be contrary to sense and to judgment and to fact, but it sort of coincides with how things should be," and Mr. Cormac forthwith instructed the young lady he persisted in designating the female bar-tender at the Thalia to fix up two fearfully and wonderfully-made American drinks under his immediate personal supervision.

And, having seen this transaction through, Seth Dallinger quitted the Thalia and devoted the remainder of the afternoon to sundry business matters involving the acquisition of a railway system, the preliminary negotiations for the purchase of a line of steamers, the amalgamation of certain rival trusts of colossal proportions, and, these incidental matters attended to, he made his way westward in quest of Franklin Dane to exchange reports.

Through these eventful times, to Dolores Dane strange things were happening.

Down, deep down in the profundity of her silence and her darkness, she had lived and breathed as far removed from the world about her as the mystic dweller in the cave of mighty ocean. And Gladys was to her as might have been, in the old legends, the mortal maiden ever and anon visiting the dweller in the deep, except that the darkness of Dolores was greater than the darkness of any ocean depths.

But by degrees, as we have seen, as she grew from childhood into girlhood and thence to womanhood, Gladys had become not merely the envoy, but the interpreter, of others in the outer world, and some of these, too, had held strange converse with the maid from whom the Creator Who had endowed her with gentleness and beauty of thought and soul as well as body and feature had withheld His gifts of speech and sight and sound.

Alan Adair had come into her life, and she, who had never seen, nor heard, nor spoken, had come to understand things underlying this state of being which we call life, and whose subtleties are so manifold and so profound that we whom they sway are sometimes scarcely conscious of them.

Dolores, who had never seen nor heard her sister, yet knew her and dwelt in soul communion with her, strangely enough, more complete, perhaps, than that of other sisters.

She knew her father, and had for him all filial affection, was conscious of and appreciated to the full her father's protecting care, solicitude, and love; Harry Fernside and others she had known and cherished with different degrees of friendship, and all these personalities were distinct, individualised, and familiar to this fair, sweet dweller in the silence and the dark.

And now of late Alan Adair had come, and with him a subtler prescience, a stranger regard than she, in her blind and mute philosophy, had ever dreamt of.

With wondrous facility, he had acquired and elaborated her strange touch method of communication with the world about her. With his advent, her range of mental vision, her life itself, had widened. She had learnt—only God knew how she appreciated—his fervent interest in and devotion to her in her mysterious threefold affliction; she was conscious of all his labour and his study for their amelioration, and, with the knowledge of these, by degrees came the effect.

If only hearing came to her, speech would follow; articulation and all the rest would be but little things; and Alan Adair, whom surely God in His mercy had sent to her, had said that sound would come.

And sight! Oh, to see that sky which in their very childhood she had made her Gladys describe to her, with its clouds, its stars, and behind the blue of its infinity! To see the sun that warmed her! Ah, the blessed snow that in winter kissed her brow!

To see the flowers, whose form and scent she knew and loved; to see the glorious waters, the lakes, the rivers, and the sea—to hear their murmurs and their music! To see and hear the birds—best of all, to behold and hear her Gladys!

And Alan had brought her a sanguine message of hope, and, in all resignation, she who had borne her burden in all humility, waited in all patience and yet with hope till the fulfilling of God's will, the lifting of His veil, the breaking of His seal.

And of late, at times, glad, incoherent, but far from discordant, sounds escaped her—sounds that told that her voice, now mute, would be as tender as her till now sightless eyes.

With swift writings, she would tell Gladys of wondrous shimmerings of those eyes, of a something that smote her very heart with a joy that had its mystic dread, a something that proclaimed itself to her awed soul to be the light of day!

Once she felt something in her ears which recalled what Gladys had described to her as the rushing of waters, and we know how her sister's scream of horror, piercing the outer walls of her lifelong silence, foretold the breaking of that seal, Dolores knowing not it was her sister's despair that bade her hope.

Then, as if to mock her joy, there came a sorrow, none the less real because undefined. Something was amiss, for long she had read subtle signs of some grief or trouble overshadowing her father, and now her Gladys also was unhappy.

And what of Harry Fernside and the love story just beginning? Why and how had it so early ended, as ended Dolores deemed it must be, for all that Gladys answered when in her way she asked of him, was: "He has left us, perhaps for long, possibly for ever. Till he returns, for love of me ask no news of him." For, to Gladys, it had seemed that in this case it would be folly for Dolores to be wise.

But she was wiser than they deemed her, in spite of her affliction. She knew the shadow enveloping her sister was concerned with Harry's absence, knew that that shadow grew with the Count de Fonseca's frequent presence. Why, the very beat of her sister's heart and the tremble of her hand told Dolores of his arrival, and, seated there, holding her sister's hand, it was now Dolores who consoled and comforted.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN.

The Devil's Advocate Defiant.

"My father is in the library," said Gladys, rising on the Count entering the drawing-room where she and Dolores were seated that summer evening after dinner.

"Ah, reading up to-morrow's briefs! What a busy man!" laughed Fonseca. "Always occupied in the House, the courts, or chambers, and, even when at home, sweet home, preparing for them. But, pray, don't interrupt him; important as my business is with him, I have something of infinitely more importance to say to you. You will spare me a few moments alone?"

"We are to all intents alone," Gladys answered.

"Of course, I had forgotten! Only, when you are near, the very presence of others is unbearable. Gladys, I want to speak to you quite—quite alone. I want to tell you how I love you!"

"No! No! If you care for me, you will never speak of that again! It is impossible!"

"Impossible! That is a word I never yet have learnt. I want you—you, Gladys! You are to me as necessary as the sunshine to the earth, as the breath of life itself; you do not love me now, but you shall learn to love me!"

"No! No! No! And, if you would be my friend, you will spare me all this; you will believe that I can never be anything to you, because my heart is given to another!"

"To another! Surely that house of cards has fallen! You are not so blind, so insensate as to retain a second thought of Harry Fernside?"

"My every waking thought is with him," she said. "Heaven knows, if ever he was in need of the thoughts of those who care for him, it is now; I tell you, Love, that nerves my heart to trust in this, his darkest hour, will lead my feet to where he lies a captive in his cell, for Love is brave and will endure, Love will believe and cling, and Love's own faith will fling defiance at the doubting world!"

"Then do you mean to tell me that you can love and cling to a thief—a murderer?"

"No!" she answered, looking steadily into his eyes. "I could never love a thief, a swindler, a traitor! My soul would recoil with horror and with loathing from a murderer!"

A darker gloom settled on his brow, an angrier spot burnt in his cheeks as she spoke the words, little deeming all their import to him.

"All the world is ringing with his crime and its denunciation of him!" he answered harshly. But she replied:

"No, not all the world! There are some—those who know him best—who will not believe him capable of aught but what is good and true and kind, and I tell you that in this, his hour of darkness and of dread, I trust him and believe in him more implicitly, love him more tenderly than ever!"

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Her words, her tone, the rapt look in her eyes, roused him to fury uncontrollable.

"Listen to me!" he cried. "Your lover lies within the very shadow of the scaffold, fettered by the chain of circumstantial evidence, the chain that will drag him down and, tightening, strangle out his life. I—I alone can save him! Say the word—say that you will be mine, and he shall go free! Refuse, and he dies the death of shame!"

"Oh, no! No! No! Your power cannot be so fell, so terrible! I know that he is innocent. God, Who is just, will not let him be sacrificed. If you hold the keys to liberty for him, to life, you will not stain your soul by leaving aught undone to set him free!"

"I tell you if you will not be mine he dies!"

"Then you will stand before the face of Heaven a murderer!" she cried, springing erect. "For I know that he is innocent, and something tells me that your knowledge and your power are the knowledge and the power of guilt!"

"If you will not love me, you shall hate me!"

Mad with passion, he clenched his hands, and, so fierce were the fiends that possessed him, raging in his evil heart, that it seemed he could have clasped her alabaster throat with ruthless hands and forced the lovely creature standing there, still more beautiful in her defiance, to her knees with the brute violence of the satyr.

But, as if impelled by some intuition of danger to her beloved, Dolores, hearing nothing, blind and mute, advancing, stood between him and her guardian sister, her hand outstretched, the helpless protecting her protectress. And aghast, and seized by a strange dread he could not understand, Fonseca stepped back with downcast head.

That moment Franklin Dane entered the room. At a signal from him the girls retired, and the men stood face to face.

"You hound! You coward! I swear to you by Heaven that, though you do your worst and deadliest, I will not suffer you to harm those nearest and dearest to me by word or deed, whatever may befal!"

"Who wants to harm them?" replied Fonseca. "I want your daughter Gladys to be my wife: I want to marry her. I tell you it would alter my very being, my very nature, if she were mine!"

"Yours? You hound! Your very touch would be a contamination to that pure angel!"

"You're mighty particular—and mighty suddenly! What of that bank clerk fellow who was always dangling around her—and who now stands charged with robbery and murder?"

Dane, regarding him intently, remained for a few moments silent, then answered slowly:

"When I piece things together, I wonder whether your fiendishness has had anything to do with the meshes that entangle him; whether your loathsome Combine that has held me in its octopus grasp has forced him to his ruin—directly or through others."

"The success of the Combine has been in a great measure due to the fact that it has made a rule of not letting its right hand know what its left was doing," said Fonseca, with a malignant smile.

"But, if Harry Fernside had never come into my daughter's life, she never could or would, nor would I suffer her to, cast her lot with such as you. Mark me, I would rather, as men have done ere now, with my own hand end her life than see her at your mercy!"

"Well, then, if you and she defy me, I'll——"—he paused—"I'll crush you! By Heaven, I will!"

"Crush me, and have done with it! It will all be over. But, remember, there's one way out of it even for me!"—and he made a swift motion with his hand across his throat.

"I see!" the other answered slowly. "But I could thwart you even there. I could commit you to those in whose hands you would be safe-guarded, those who would keep your neck from that"—he repeated the other's terrible action—"for that!"—and he jerked his thumb beside his ear. "By the Lord, Franklin Dane, defy me and I'll say the word!"

"You lie!" Dane answered. "I have done nothing to incur that penalty!"

"You forget," said Fonseca. "Many a lie has sent a man to the quarries and the crossbeam. But there, there, I came to talk business with you—not to quarrel!" and, in a soothing tone, he went on:

"I wanted a chat with you last night. It was something rather in a hurry; I came down to the House, but they told me you were up; while I waited in the outer lobby, you slipped away. Nosey Taggers was with me."

"What, you brought that scoundrel to the precincts of the House!"

"Don't talk like a fool, Dane! We're all scoundrels in the Combine, and Nosey Taggers in these days is well-dressed enough to go anywhere. We simply wanted your signature to an opinion, a trifle ante-dated—just the opinion that that fool of a judge said would have justified the payment of the Bella Rosario dividend."

"What do you mean? How would my opinion have helped you?"

"The fact of obtaining it would prove *bona-fides;* but that's my affair—mine and Scarth's. It was all in order—Taggers saw to that—but, as there wasn't time to get the few words written in your handwriting, with your signature appended, I took the liberty of imitating your fist, but I thought it just as well to let you know."

"You forged my name?"

"Yes, and three lines of your writing. You'd swear it was your own if you looked at it; in fact, you may have to do so."

"By Heaven! when I think of what you've brought me to—of the blight you've been upon my life—I feel that I could serve you as you served Dallinger!"

So intense was his vehemence that the other watched his hands, and his own wandered instinctively to his back pocket. The two men glared in each other's eyes like two tigers crouching for the spring, then suddenly wheeled round.

For a servant entered, handing a card to Dane, who answered:

"I will see Dr. Adair in one moment."

"You're going to cut up rough," said Fonseca. "Very

You should read William Le Queux's story, "The Treasure of the Sherburnes," in the September ROYAL MAGAZINE.

well, then, remember that two can quite well play at that game!"

He took up his hat, and strode from the room. The manservant flung the street door wide. Someone in a hurry was rushing up the steps, and, in the flickering light of the portico, Fonseca encountered a form and face and started, for a moment reeled back, aghast as one who gazes on the dead—the murdered dead!

"Father," said Gladys, entering the room, laying her hands upon his shoulders and looking up into his face, as she went on passionately: "Tell me the secret of that villain's power and ease your own poor, aching heart!"

"Not yet—not yet, my child!" he answered. "You shall know ere long, and perhaps you will not all blame, but pity me!"

"Tell me—tell me now!"

"Not now; it is too long a story—the story of a twelve-years' agony!"

"A twelve-years' agony!" It was almost stereotyped upon her brain, the story she had read so often of her father's phenomenal rise to eminence, the story told and retold in periodicals, in newspapers, in lectures, as a stimulus to the ambitious young, as an example of the heights a strong man in twelve years might climb.

"Poor child!" he said, kissing her forehead. "So good, so true! And to think that sorrow should come to you through others! Tell me, dear one, before the falling of the thunderbolt that has bewildered us, before young Fernside's downfall, had you learnt to care for him—had friendship merged into more tender regard!"

"Yes, father," she said simply. "He had told me that he loved me, and I—oh, I was glad, for I love him!"

"Merciful Heaven!" Dane exclaimed. "To think that one so sweet and pure should lavish the most sacred treasure of her love on the unworthy!"

It was of himself, rather than Fernside, that he was thinking when that bitter cry escaped him. But the girl, with tears of anguish in her voice, exclaimed:

"Oh, father, take back those words! I cannot—I will not—believe him guilty! In the heart, that is to me an open book, I vow there is no room for the evil charged against him!"

He kissed her, then called to Adair, whom they had scarcely greeted, when Dane started at the sound of a voice—the voice of the man who had sought his aid upon a quest—the quest of a brother's murderer!

"Guessed I should find you around!" said Dallinger, entering the drawing-room. "This is, I know, an intrusion, but I cannot help it, I've had some news."

"Of your late brother?" asked Dane.

"Nope. That matter's suspended for a while, as I always used to warn him he would be, in other ways. I came right here to see you about something else, though I know I'm not acting according to regulations. You don't mind my speaking right out before your friend?"

"Go on!" said Dane. "This is Dr. Alan Adair. Alan, Mr. Seth Dallinger, of New York and Chicago."

"Shake!" said Mr. Dallinger. "I've heard of you. Guess you're the man Boss Van der Weyde cabled to come right over and cure his cataract for five hundred thousand dollars, and you cabled back you couldn't leave a poor old critter you were tending in the hospital ward. That's so? Guess it made Boss mad. He had to come to you; but it saved him half a million, for he missed the panic on Wall Street that would have wrung him bone dry if he'd been in it!

"But, say, Mr. Dane, I didn't come here to talk about Boss Van der Weyde, nor yet, this time, about my brother Jake. Happen you've told Dr. Adair about Jake? He was a beaut', Doctor. But, no; there's a young man who's found trouble, whether or not he's been looking for it, I can't exactly opine right now, till I know more than meets the eye. But, way back a week or two, that man stood by and gave me half a cab he was entitled to, and now he's lying, without a friend in the world, committed for trial on a charge of wilful murder, and I want you to see him through, and I'll stand the racket. See? I have never met him before or since, but my friend, Cyrus T. Cormac, believes that no man who can sing a ballad like Henry Fernside could take a human life in cold blood."

"And you know Harry Fernside?" exclaimed Dane.

"I've met him once, I'm telling you!"

"You're telling us," said Alan Adair, "that he hasn't a friend in the world. There you are mistaken, Mr. Dallinger. Harry Fernside was my chum and comrade through the war; since the days when we marched and fought shoulder to shoulder, he has been my friend. I believe in him, and I will stand by him to the end."

"It appears to me I've lit on the right street!" said Mr. Dallinger. "Say, we'll see this thing right through! Doctor, you're a real sport! That's the way with great men like Dane—they bring great men around them! But stay! There was one man I met on your steps, Dane; I'm glad he was leaving when I was happening to arrive. I've never seen a face I so much mistrusted, though I oughtn't to say it, lest he might happen to be a friend of yours."

"Do you mean the man who has just left here?" exclaimed Dane.

"I happened with him right on the steps. Can't quite tell how or why, but we looked right in each other's eyes, and, if ever I read mischief and crookedness in any man's eyes, I read that same in his!"

It was on Franklin Dane's lips to answer: "Scant wonder, since he was your brother's murderer!" but he held his tongue, and replied with a smile to the twinkle in Alan's eyes at Mr. Dallinger's spontaneous communicativeness.

But Alan was prepared to overlook a deal in the man eager to be of service to his friend. So far from repelling, he invited the eccentric American's confidence. Ere long he had learnt of his twofold mission to Europe to beard Brettleby Scarth in his den and to come to grips with the murderer of his brother Jake.

It was when he came to the latter part of the story that Franklin Dane, rising and pacing the room, and concealing his agitation as best he could, left them together. Point by point, Alan questioned the American as to the manner of his first and only meeting with Harry Fernside on that all eventful night, Harry's appearance and manner, the time of their meeting.

"Man, he was cleaned up and groomed as if it was a White House reception, instead of a chance pow-pow with Cyrus T. Cormac, in front of him. If that man did the deed, I reckon he's the most fastidious murderer that ever walked the earth and made the least mess with his work, and all the time we drove there was no homicide in the conversation. The last profession I should have named for that bright young man would have been manslaying, and I'm real glad to learn he has Franklin Dane and you for friends, cause that's a guarantee that boy won't be completely left."

Alan thought of the night, a few years back, when, watching from daylight till daylight again, beside a dying man, with peril in every shadow of the night, he had not been left, and, gripping Dallinger's hand, told him, catching the contagion even of his colloquialism, that he could bet the man who stood by him that night was not going to be left now.

"Wait here a moment, while I bring back Dane and we arrange a consultation for to-morrow with Harry's solicitor."

"I reckon it's done me good to learn that boy's not going to be left," soliloquised Seth Dallinger, pacing the apartment thoughtfully, his hands dived deep into his pockets, his eyes to the floor. "It's done me good to know those men believe in him; after all, it's a great thing to be believed in. I guess if people had believed more in Jake he wouldn't have given them half the trouble, but nary a one of them would believe in him, exceptin' our mother. Sakes, who's that? I beg your pardon, lady!"

He paused before the vision of girlish loveliness gliding into the room, with one hand outstretched as though in welcome.

"Mr. Dane's daughter, I presume?" he said, clicking his heels together and making his best bow. "I congratulate him."

Without a word, a strange, vacant look in the beautiful eyes, the vision advanced, the hand still outstretched. Seth Dallinger, with a certain native courtesy that in the real man, whatever his status, needs no acquiring, extended his own, touched that warm, waxen palm; then, as it suddenly withdrew, and, the vision, halting, seemed turned to a statue, he exclaimed beneath his breath:

"What, the lovely creature's blind!" Then: "Oh, I beg your pardon! Hope I haven't hurt your feelings? It's my rough way. I was rough-raised. I'm sorry, and I hope I didn't alarm you. Say, you're not frightened?"

But there was no response of voice or feature.

"Say, I'm feeling skeered—in case I've skeered you! Shall I shout or ring for somebody?"

Then he whispered to himself: "Holy of Holies, not only she can't see, but I believe she can neither hear nor speak!"

(This story will be concluded shortly. A new serial by a new author will start in a few weeks.)

CHANGE OF FOOD

Teaches an Interesting Lesson.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred cases of trouble with the digestive organs are caused by the use of undercooked, poorly-selected foods.

These troubles absolutely cannot be cured by drugs.

The common-sense plan is to leave off the use of the harmful foods and use a scientifically prepared food, such as Grape-Nuts.

A lady living in Musselburgh, who learned this lesson and applied it in her family and among her friends, writes:—

"For eighteen month I suffered agony with chronic catarrh of stomach and very weak digestion. Doctor attended me for twelve months, nothing seemed to do me good, was unable to keep any food down, until I was so weak I could not walk across the room without fainting; my heart was weak, I hated sight or thought of food, and wished many times to die.

"In February last I determined to try Grape-Nuts, and ever since that time I have steadily gained strength, have now no attacks of palpitation of my heart, or dizziness. I eat the food regularly for breakfast and supper, in fact would be lost without it. Six months ago people said (also doctor thought) I was in consumption, but to-day I am quite well and strong as I ever was.

"My husband, too, derived great benefit after a severe attack of influenza, which left him very weak and with no desire for food. I persuaded him to eat Grape-Nuts, which he did, and in a few weeks time he was quite well. My little girl, aged eight, prefers it for her dinner. She won't touch a good cooked dinner if she can have Grape-Nuts. Also baby, eleven months old, laughs when she sees the box, and is very fond of the food. It seems to agree with her and she is a picture of health. She was, I may say, a very delicate baby from birth. I also recommended Grape-Nuts to my mother, who was very weak from the effects of influenza. She liked it very much and found it did her good. I also recommended Grape-Nuts to a friend for acute indigestion."

Name given by the Grape-Nuts Company, 66, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

LIKE A PROVIDENCE.

A Floating Box Changed a Man's Life.

Things drift into our lives in a curious way. A man was visiting the seashore while an invalid, and one day a little empty Grape-Nuts box floated to him. The food facts he learned changed his whole life—but let him tell his story:

"The doctors said it was acute indigestion or gastritis. There was really nothing that I could eat and enjoy, and when one cannot enjoy his meals he may as well be dead. There was a time when I could eat and digest anything, but for two years previous to last spring I was in a wretched state. I tried everything I heard of, took all kinds of medicine, almost enough to float a ship, but with no lasting purpose.

"Last spring I had to give up work, and went to the seaside. One day while strolling along the beach, I noticed a box being tossed about on the breakers and finally thrown up on the sand. I sat down on the sand and looked at it idly at first, but after reading a few words on the box I got interested. It told how Grape-Nuts fully cooked cereal food was prepared and all its good qualities, and I made up my mind I would try it.

"I have not taken a drop of medicine from that day to this, but used about a half-packet of Grape-Nuts each day for two months. Then I gradually began eating meat and vegetables and fruit, and now I can eat anything I care to without it distressing me, but I still cling to Grape-Nuts food, as I am fond of it prepared in various ways, and never a day passes that I don't have it in some form.

"After the first two months of using Grape-Nuts I weighed myself every 15 days, and found I gained from three to five pounds each time. I have been working every day since, and can say I never felt better. Thanks to Grape-Nuts, I now have an appetite like a billy-goat, and am no more troubled with indigestion.

Name given by the Grape-Nuts Company, 66 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

DON'T BOIL CLOTHES.

The book inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper tells how to wash without fire, with half the usual rubbing and wear and shrinking of clothes, and cleaner.

Go by the book.
Read the book.
Go by the book.
Read the book.
Go by the book.
Read the book.
Go by the book.
Read the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C

Isobel will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked Home Notes Page.

When Making a Fruit Pie take care to put the sugar in layers amongst the fruit, and have none on the top of the fruit, as it is apt to make the crust heavy.

Colouring for Gravies can be produced by chicory. A very small pinch of this will make a good colour, and leaves no trace of its flavour. (*Reply to* Traveller.)

Hop Tea is a good stimulant in a case like yours. Take two ounces of dried hops and pour over them one quart of boiling water. Cover over and leave till next day. Strain and take a wine-glassful before meals. (*Reply to* Clara R.)

Farinaceous Pudding must be cooked slowly, so that the starch grains have time to swell and thicken the milk thoroughly. The milk puddings for children should always cook for three hours in a moderate oven, adding more milk as it is required.

To Destroy Slugs. Take a quantity of cabbage leaves and either put them into a warm oven or heat before the fire till they are quite soft. Rub the leaves with fresh dripping or unsalted butter, and place them in the place frequented by the pest. Slugs are very voracious, and they will quickly attack the cabbage and can be destroyed. Even in a couple of hours the leaves will be covered with slugs! (*Reply to* J. W. M.)

Tomato Sauce for storing may be made as follows: Peel one gallon of ripe tomatoes and five pods of red pepper. Cook until tender Strain through a coarse cloth, then stir thoroughly into it two ounces of salt, two ounces of black pepper, half an ounce of white mustard seed, half an ounce of allspice, and one pint of vinegar. Boil slowly for three or four hours; while still warm, bottle and cork tightly. This will keep for years, so should be made when there is a good crop and tomatoes are cheap. (*Reply to* D. C. W.)

This Excellent Rice Mould will, I hope, suit your purpose: For each three-quarters of a pint of milk you wish to use allow one ounce of ground rice. Work the rice into a smooth paste with cold milk, and on it pour the boiling milk. Return all to a double sauce-pan and boil for ten minutes, stirring till it forms a smooth surface, though not too thick. When the rice is done, add a little butter and sugar to taste. Stir all thoroughly, flavour, and turn into a wet mould. Turn out to serve. *N.B.*—If a rice mould is made too stiff it is never appreciated, as it loses the creamy taste so necessary. (*Reply to* Louise.)

Vegetable Marrow Pickle. Take some vegetable marrow, scrape out the seeds, cut into strips, scatter salt upon them, stand one night and drain on a cloth. To two pounds of marrow, weighed before salting, allow one clove of garlic (chopped finely), six chillies, quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, half an ounce of turmeric, one ounce and a half of white ginger, crushed small, one ounce and a half of flour of mustard. Boil these ingredients with one quart of vinegar. When boiling stir the vegetables into it and boil for twenty minutes. When cool put into bottles and cover with a bladder. Cucumber, cauliflowers, and other vegetables, may be pickled in the same manner. (*Reply to* Cordex.)

Is Vegetable Food as Nutritious as Animal Food? Reader, perhaps you are a vegetarian, if so Mr. Wooton's article on Vegetarianism in this week's issue of that invaluable Ladies' paper Home Notes will be very interesting to you. Indeed, there are many interesting and useful hints to be found in that little paper, such as Minor Matters for Men; Simple Lessons in Physical Exercise; interesting articles on Face-Reading, and How to Treat Your Husband; directions with illustrations of stitches for working Embroidery, which is particularly useful just now when embroidery for dresses is so much in vogue. Open Letters on the subject "Do Women Exaggerate?" Up-To-Date Society Gossip; an amusing story for the children, also competitions for everyone. Price 1d. Published every Friday.

Pitch or Tar on washing materials may be removed by spreading lard upon the spot, rubbing it well in, and then washing the fabric as usual. The same applies to oil stains.

Pipeclay for Doorsteps. Use this in preference to whiting when cleaning the steps, for it does not come off on the skirts, and will keep clean for several days in dry weather if carefully swept.

Ox Gall is an excellent and delicate cleansing agent. It is a liquid soda-soap. This removes grease, and is said to fix and brighten colours, though it has a greenish tinge, which is bad for the purity of white articles. (*Reply to* Lend.)

To Preserve Capers. Half fill a bottle with capers. Make some vinegar boiling-hot, add some pepper-corns, and when cold pour it upon the capers. Use sound corks and cover them with bottle-wax to exclude the air. (*Reply to* Ravensbourne.)

To Keep Meat from Spoiling in Hot Weather. Take a quart of best vinegar, two ounces of lump sugar, and two ounces of salt. Boil all together for a few minutes, and when cold, anoint with a brush the meat to be preserved. (*Reply to* Delafos.)

Blackberry Cordial. Gather very ripe blackberries, and put them into a straining bag. Squeeze out all the juice, then allow one pound of sugar to every pint of juice. Boil in a preserving pan till a thin jelly. When cold, mix every quart of cordial with half a pint of brandy, and bottle.

Caramel Toffee. Boil for a quarter of an hour the contents of a tin of Swiss milk with two pounds of coarse brown sugar and one teaspoonful of vanilla essence, with a piece of butter the size of an egg. When this is of the consistency of caramels, place on a buttered tin. When half cold cut into squares and leave on the tin. Stir while the toffee is cooking, and do not have a strong fire. (*Reply to* Ronny.)

A Good Tooth Powder at a small cost may be prepared as follows: Take one ounce of prepared chalk, a quarter of an ounce of orris-root in fine powder, and a quarter of an ounce of soap powder. This latter must be procured of a chemist so as to insure having the right kind for dentifrice. Mix the powders together and pass thrice through a fine sieve; then place in pots or a bottle for use. This dentifrice should be used both night and morning. (*Reply to* Carna.)

Apple Meringue. Stew four apples, add a tablespoonful of cornflour, the yolks of two beaten eggs, a cup of milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a little lemon rind grated, and half a cup of white sugar. Stir all together over the fire for a few minutes. Line the sides of a pudding dish with pastry, and pour in the mixture. Bake for three-quarters of an hour. Beat the whites of two eggs and add two spoonfuls of sugar, take the dish from the oven, pile up the meringue on the apple, and bake till a delicate brown.

The Grass Stains which are so apt to be found on children's clothing often defy all ordinary treatment. A simple method that sometimes answers is to dip the spot in molasses until thoroughly soaked, then to wash out the molasses in clear water. Failing with this remedy, chloride of tin mixed with tepid water so that a solution of moderate strength is prepared, may be used. After saturating with the solution, wash it once and thoroughly in tepid water. Chlorine water may be used as a last resort, but the article must not remain in it for any length of time, and must be well washed in clear water at once. In using chlorine for stains, keep the hands out of it as much as possible.

Gooseberry Wine. Gather the fruit when only half ripe, in dry weather. Pick them clean, and put a peck at a time into an earthenware pan or tub, and bruise them with a piece of wood, being as careful as possible not to break the seeds. Put the pulp into a canvas bag and squeeze out the juice into a pan or tub. To every gallon of the juice add from two to three pounds of sugar; mix it well by stirring with a stick, and when the sugar is quite dissolved pour the liquor into a cask that will just hold it. If the quantity is nine gallons, let it stand to settle for a fortnight; if twenty gallons, thirty or forty days. Keep in a cool place; then draw it off from the lees, and put it into another barrel of the same size, or into the same after emptying the lees and making it clean. Let a cask of ten gallons or less stand for about three months, and one of twenty gallons for five months, when it will be fit to bottle. This wine will keep and improve with age. (*Reply to* Hazelhurst.)

Isobel

HOW A WOMAN MAY MAKE HERSELF AGREEABLE.

Useful Hints for Lovers of Happy Homes.

The knack of being agreeable, no matter in what company one may be thrown, is granted to but few men, and perhaps fewer women. Yet there is no reason why a woman should not be able to make herself agreeable in any kind of company.

Let it be distinctly understood that we mean "agreeable" in the widest sense.

There are women who make themselves most agreeable in the presence of strangers; they are not quite so agreeable with friends and acquaintances; they are really disagreeable if amongst relatives, or in the family circle.

That is distinctly wrong; a woman should make herself agreeable under all conditions, and it can be done, but training is necessary.

First of all a woman must learn that, even although it is the privilege of her sex to chatter, silence is often golden; it's wonderful how a woman comes to be liked, nay loved, who knows just how to refrain from speaking, who, in a word, can sit quietly and listen.

Everyone, man and woman, delights in a good listener; we are all so fond of hearing our own tongues wagging, that we are perfectly charmed when we encounter a person who lets us run on for an indefinite time, and who seems to be intensely interested in what we are saying.

There at once you have the great secret for making yourself agreeable in company; train yourself to listen quietly—but that is hardly enough, for even if you do listen quietly, but keep a countenance like a graven image, you won't make yourself agreeable.

You must learn how to show eagerness, delight, pleasure, and a few other things by just a change of expression; and this is not difficult; it is easily learnt, but to manage it at all successfully, you must be a sincere and sympathetic listener—it's really all a matter of careful cultivation of a habit.

Some women have little or no conversational ability, and are at a loss to know what to do in company.

Well, let those ladies train themselves to be good listeners, and any lack of conversational powers will certainly never be noticed; as a matter of fact, they will be looked upon as very sensible persons indeed by those who converse with them.

A woman in company to make herself agreeable must always seem pleased and contented; she must give the impression that she is really enjoying herself, whether that be the case or not.

An affable manner is of great value to the woman who desires to make herself agreeable, and geniality counts for a great deal.

The woman who wants to make herself liked by being agreeable must have one style for all; there must be no consideration of position of parties in this respect; the rule should be one style for rich and poor; no fawning on the one, or haughtiness for the other; the woman who adopts this latter line of behaviour ends by being disliked all round.

Some women, in company, rely on their looks to pull them through. Nature having done her part handsomely, the pretty woman thinks she may rest on her oars.

Never was a greater mistake made; the ugliest woman on earth who strives under all circumstances to make herself agreeable is liked and loved as no pretty woman ever can hope to be who will not take the trouble to be agreeable.

The most unfortunate of all women, however, is the one who does not strive to be agreeable in the home, in other words, with husband and family; such a one is to be pitied, but she has herself to blame.

She has domestic duties to perform, but why does she omit the most important of them all?

Surely a wife has no higher domestic duty to perform than that of making herself agreeable to husband and family?

It is a common thing for a wife, if her husband begins to hold forth genially, to cut him short, "I can't be bothered with that to-night," she says, and the man naturally stops, though with resentment.

Then the young ones make a little noise, and she is up in arms at once, "I won't have you playing and making a noise near me," she says, and the poor things desist from their romps.

Such a wife, and mother, has not learnt the art of making herself agreeable; she should listen quietly to her husband, and impress him with the fact that she is interested in all matters he cares to talk about. She should smile on the children when busy enjoying their romps, and in such simple ways make herself agreeable in the home.

There is no happier woman on this earth than she who has thoroughly mastered the art of making herself agreeable; she carries sunshine wherever she goes.

HOLIDAYS FOR 1904.	
Good Friday	April 1.
Easter Monday	April 4.
Whitsun Monday	May 23.
Bank Holiday	August 1.
Christmas Day	December 25.
Boxing Day	December 26.

1904. AUG.					
S		7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	31
T	4	11	18	25	
F	5	12	19	26	
S	6	13	20	27	

SEPTEMBER.					
S		4	11	18	25
M		5	12	19	26
T		6	13	20	27
W		7	14	21	28
T	1	8	15	22	29
F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24	

OCTOBER.					
S	2	9	16	23	30
M	3	10	17	24	31
T	4	11	18	25	
W	5	12	19	26	
T	6	13	20	27	
F	7	14	21	28	
S	1	8	15	22	29

TAKE THIS BOOK TO THE SEASIDE WITH YOU. . . .

SWIMMING. By MONTAGUE HOLBEIN, the well-known Channel swimmer.

It Teaches you both How to Swim and How to Do Fancy Swimming.

Price One Shilling at all booksellers, or post free for 1s. 2d. from the Book Publisher, A Dept., C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

£250

to be given away in Prizes by Peek, Frean & Co., Ltd., for the best suggestion for advertising FOUR of their leading Biscuits. *First Prize* £150 (£100 to Author, £25 to Dealer, £25 Dealer's Assistants); Second Prize £30 (£20, £5, £5, respectively as above); Third Prize £20 (£10, £5, £5, respectively as above); Fifty other Prizes of £1 each. EVERYONE CAN COMPETE.

HOW TO PROCEED. Ask Dealers for names of Peek, Frean & Co.'s four most popular

Biscuits

buy some; then write, design, or devise short, smart, pithy advertisement for each.

Suggestions must deal with the four kinds, must give name and address of Competitor, name and address of Dealer, and must reach Peek, Frean & Co., Ltd. (Dept. C.X.) London, S.E., not later than 31st October, 1904.

All suggestions become the property of

PEEK FREAN

& CO., LTD., whose awards will be final.

PURE COD LIVER OIL

GUARANTEED ½ Pints, 2/- *Post Paid.*

R. Colbridge (Oil King), FISH DOCKS GRIMSBY. (Established 1884)

REAL DEVONSHIRE CREAM (clotted).

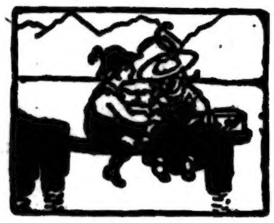
Absolutely pure; no preservatives used; the most efficacious substitute for cod liver oil; invaluable for children and invalids; ½lb., 1s. 4d.; 1lb., 2s. 4d.; 2lbs., 4s. 4d., free; supplied constantly to the Countesses Cadogan, Pembroke, Sefton, Dundonald, Guildford, Lichfield, etc., by

Mrs. CONYERS, The Gables, Chagford, R.S.O., Devon.

Cailler's SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE

(As supplied to H.M. the Queen.)

To those for whom "the best is none too good" Cailler's Swiss Milk Chocolate should be given. It has the largest sale in every country in the world where milk chocolate is eaten.



CHAP. I.—Cupboard Love.

Sold everywhere in 1d., 2d., 6d., and 1s. tablets, and 6d. and 1s. boxes of croquettes.

THE BEST OF ALL SWISS MILK CHOCOLATES

A Genuine Bargain!

The "ASHDOWN" SUITE

Carriage paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom.

CASH £6.17.6. or EASY PAYMENTS 15/- down and 10 Monthly Payments of 12/6 or 15/- down and 21 Payments of 7/- Monthly.

THIS SUBSTANTIAL HANDSOME SUITE consists of Couch, pair of Arm and four Small Chairs, covered in Crochett's Best English Leather Cloth; Small Chairs have Padded Backs, all pieces are of full size, the larger pieces being mounted on castors, frames are polished Walnut colour and well finished. The Suite is thoroughly well made and is suitable for Dining Room, Breakfast Room, or Parlour.

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FREE Whether you are furnishing or not, it will pay you to write for our fully Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue, Price Lists, etc. It costs you nothing, and will save you pounds.

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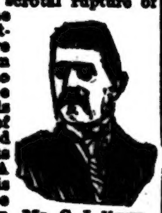
A Home Treatment which has Cured All Conditions of Rupture.

Mr. C. J. Kent, 120 Lawn Street, Bolton, Lancs., was cured of a scrotal rupture of 10 years' standing by the use of Rice's Home Treatment. Mr. Kent's cure has attracted the attention of hundreds of people who were suffering from the same malady. Thousands of others in all parts of the world have been cured by this treatment—its success is unparalleled. A book fully describing this method of cure will be sent, post free, upon application to W. S. RICE, Rupture Specialist (Dept. 1509), 8 & 9 STONECUTTER STREET, LONDON, E.C. Write to-day.



MR. C. J. KENT.

MUSIC FOR SUMMER EVENINGS.

PATENT CAMPBELL'S Broad Reed MELODEONS

GOLD MEDAL. No knowledge of music required.

With Organ and Celestial Tone and Charming Bell Accompaniments. NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE. The solemn Psalm, the soul-stirring Hymn, the cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance, can all be played on these charming Instruments. No knowledge of 300,000 Testimonials

Special Offer to the Readers of *Pearson's Weekly.*

Campbell's "Gem" Melodeon. *Price only*	6/9
Campbell's "Miniature" Melodeon ..	10/9
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Cut out this and send P.O.O. for the amount. Either sent carriage paid in Great Britain and Ireland.

Send for Campbell's Illustrated Price List of all kinds of Musical Instruments. TALKING MACHINES from 6/9 each; also 10,000 Best London Made RECORDS, 1/- each; Columbia, 1/3. Send 1d. stamp to CAMPBELL & CO., 116 Trongate, Glasgow. (Est. 60 years.) Beware of Worthless Imitations.

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and ensure you a first-class position by training you to become an Electrical Engineer. This profession carries with it the highest scale of pay and offers every field of advancement. We give you instruction by post direct to your home and at very small cost to yourself. We have many years' successful record. What we have done for others we can do for you.

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spoil the beauty of the fairest face, and deprive the eyes of their defence against dirt and dust. The eyelashes are strengthened and restored by SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT, a remedy with 300 years' reputation. Supplied by chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each. A little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight" will be sent to any applicant by STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London. All who suffer from any eye trouble should send for it.

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the "easy" food. No trouble to get ready. No trouble to digest.

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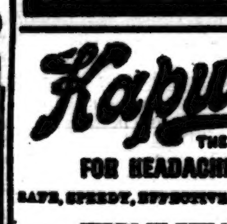
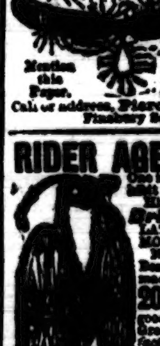
The Best Bicycle that British workmanship can produce. Catalogue post free. Cycles from 10 gns., or from a guinea per month. Triumph Cycle Co., Ltd., Coventry. 4-5, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Kaputine THE SAFE REMEDY FOR HEADACHE & NEURALGIA, SAFE, SPEEDY, EFFECTIVE. CURES IN TEN MINUTES.



WEAK MEN and WOMEN Can obtain strength and vigour by the use of DR. PIERCE'S ELECTRIC BELT. A wonderful Restorative. The most Scientific Electrical Appliance ever made. Drugs do not cure. This Belt does. Send stamp (any sort) for "Booklet No. 2," or write to-day. Mention this Paper. Call or address, Pierce Electric Co., Nos. 11 & 12 Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED



One in each district to ride and exhibit a sample 1904 Cycle. Highest grade fully warranted. *British Made Cycles* LATEST MODELS £2·10 to £6 New Departure Coaster Hubs, Best Makes Tyres and best British made equipment throughout. 200 SECOND-HAND CYCLES all makes, good as new, £1 to £2·10 Great factory clearing sale at *half factory prices.* *Ten Days' Free Trial* on every cycle. Money with carriage charges refunded if you are not satisfied. EARN A CYCLE taking orders from sample machine furnished by us. Our agents are making large profits. Write at once for free catalogues and our special offer. Tyres, Sundries, Sewing Machines, Phonos, *half prices.* MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 11e 65-67, Paradise Street, Liverpool, 19, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

Great Clearance Sale. Full List Post Free on Application.

18/6 Lady's solid Gold (stamped) Keyless Watch, [illegible] timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's trial.

Gladstone Bag, 22in., real brown, cowhide; strong leather lining; [illegible] fittings, &c.; never used; sacrifice [illegible]. Approval.

8/6 Gent's [illegible] gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper, [illegible] warranty; also fashionable Curb [illegible] Double Albert, same quality [illegible], with handsome seal attached; three together, [illegible]. Approval.

6/6 Curb Chain Bracelet, with padlock and safety chain; 18-carat rolled gold (stamped and guaranteed) in velvet case. Approval willingly.

7/6 Fashionable [illegible] 18-carat rolled gold [illegible] very choice [illegible].

10/6 [illegible] 32/- instrument, [illegible] steel bronze [illegible] tone; perfect [illegible].

9/6 Powerful [illegible] by celebrated optician (Le [illegible]); 40 miles' range, 6 achromatic lenses [illegible] shades, in leather sling case, sacrifice [illegible] approval.

J. E. Davis, Pawnbroker and Jeweller, [illegible] Road, London, S.W.

Old Artificial Teeth Bought; call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. A. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 133 Oxford Street, London. (Estab. 100 years.)

Photography.—"How to Take and Fake Photographs," by Clive Holland, contains all information required by the [illegible]; price 1/2, post free, from The Publisher (P. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Moustachios in a Month on the smoothest face are produced by using the [illegible] FORMULA for forcing [illegible] growth. Failure impossible. The only known remedy for baldness. The Formula is sent free from observation on receipt of 1s. to C. [illegible], 37 [illegible] Road, London, [illegible] 2s. 6d.

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Teeth by Instalments.—[illegible] Rd., W.

Old Artificial Teeth Bought.—Money sent return post; [illegible].—F. Pearce, 15 Granville Road, Hove, Brighton.

Books Bought.—Any quantity for cash. List of 30,000 free.—[illegible], Birmingham.

"Poultry Keeping for Pleasure and Profit," by F. E. Wilson, a thoroughly reliable and practical handbook; post free for 1/2 from The Publisher (P.K. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Trim Your Moustache.—Use Moustache Stiffener, 1/-.—Liverpool Toilet Supply, 22 Drury Lane, Liverpool.

Charming Coloured Miniatures from any photo, 1/-; in Silver Pendant 1/6, Gold 4/-; samples free.—[illegible], Artist, Swansea (late Pontypridd.)

"The Hypnotist," a monthly journal dealing with all occult subjects; specimen copy free.—Prof. [illegible], [illegible] Mansions, Howard Road, South Norwood, London.

£10 [illegible] 6 [illegible] Guide 4 stamps.—[illegible], London.

Gratis to Every Lady.—"Roseena," the "Perfect" Sanitary Towel, with girdle to fit any waist, free by post; write to-day, absolutely free. Every lady delighted. Roseena Towels supersede all others.—The Roseena Co., Nottingham.

Journalism.—Earn money as a successful writer. Our handsome free prospectus shows the way; send for it.—[illegible] Ltd., 71 High Holborn, London.

Bunion Ointment cures tender feet, corns, chilblains; 14 stamps.—Chiropodist, 55 Regent St., London.

Pianos.—[illegible] for preserving or bottling, [illegible], carriage paid.—[illegible] Hill, 20 Warbreck Road, Aintree.

Bagatelle, Folding, 25/-.—24 Cuthbert Road, Walthamstow.

Special Bargain Offer.—Why not buy a Gramophone and Records on the instalment system for the same price as if you paid cash? We offer a £2 10s. No. 5 [illegible] Gramophone and £2 10s. worth of Records of your own selection, making goods to the cash value of £5, for six monthly instalments of 16s. 8d. [illegible] at once.—G. Turner and Co., 74 Coleman Street, London, E.C.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study, and produces the highest speed. Send for free descriptive booklet.—Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate.

Art Work at Home.—Tinting prints, post-cards, etc., easily acquired; good prices.—Addressed envelope, Art Co., [illegible] James Street, London, W.C.

"Swimming," by Montague Holbein, the Celebrated Channel Swimmer, is a splendid book for those who wish to become good swimmers; price 1/2 from The Publisher (S. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Free.—Pocket Rubber Stamp of your name and address, also particulars of money-making spare time work.—Richfords, Snow Hill, London.

Great Clearance Sale. Full List Post Free on Application.

8/6. Gent's magnificent 18-carat gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper, 7 years' written warranty; also [illegible] gold (stamped) filled, double Curb Albert, seal attached, guaranteed 12 years' wear, worth £3 3s. Three together, 8/6. Approval before payment.

12/6. Sheffield Cutlery, £3 5s. Service, 12 Table, 12 Cheese Knives, Carvers and Steel; Crayford Ivory handles; sacrifice, 12/6. Approval.

9/6. Field, Race or Marine Glass, £4 4s. military binocular, 40 miles' range, 10 achromatic crystal lenses, wide field, in saddler-made sling case. Sacrifice, 9/6. Approval before payment.

9/6. Magnificent £3 3s. ¼-plate Hand Camera; takes 12 plates, time, snapshot shutter, with printing accessories; sacrifice 9/6. Approval willingly.

10/6. Lady's £3 3s. solid gold hall-marked diamond and emerald doublet Half-hoop Ring; large, lustrous stones; sacrifice, 10/6. Approval.

G. R. DAVIS, Pawnbroker and Jeweller, 26 Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London.

A Shilling a Week.—Our superb 27/6 "Plantation" Banjo, raised frets, etc., extraordinary value; sent immediately, carriage paid, on receipt of 2/- deposit and your written promise to pay balance 4/- monthly.—Eric Graham & Co., 5 Hessel Avenue, City.

Pawnbroker's Sale.

Gent's magnificent 18-carat gold-cased Chronograph Stop-Watch, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper; 10 years' written warranty; also fashionable Curb (pocket to pocket) Double Albert, same quality (stamped and guaranteed), with handsome seal attached; three together; sacrifice for 8/6. Approval before payment.

Lady's handsome 18-carat gold-cased Keyless Watch, jewelled movement, exact timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also fashionable long Watch Guard, same quality (stamped and guaranteed); elegant West End pattern; two together, 10/6; great sacrifice; approval before payment.

Fashionable Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet, 18-carat rolled gold (stamped), in handsome case, 4/6; another, heavier quality, large and thick links (stamped), sacrifice, 6/6; approval before payment.

A Bargain.—6/6—Lady's real Opal and Diamond Half-hoop Ring; solid gold, government hallmarked; set with four real diamonds, and three matchless opals; approval.

Field, Race, or Marine Glass, high power, military binocular, 10 achromatic crystal lenses, 40 miles' range, wide field, in saddler-made sling case, sacrifice 10/6—approval before payment.

A. Davis, Pawnbroker and Jeweller, 524 High Road, Chiswick, London, W.

To Ladies of every land Gautier's Pills have proved themselves to be a boon. Sample sent free, or in boxes, 7½d., 2/9 & 4/6 from London agents, P. W. Baldwin & Co., Chemists, 3 Electric Parade, Holloway, London.

Bulbs on approval, carriage paid. Flowering size, Crocus, Iris, 8d.; Snowdrops, Ixias, Ranunculus, 1/-; Tulips, Narcissi, Anemones, Freesias, Stars, 1/6; Hyacinths, 6/- 100; catalogue free.—Ellison, F.R.H.S., (4) West Bromwich.

KONVO CURES RHEUMATISM whilst you sleep. Konvo cures Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica as by magic; no rubbing. The great 20th century cure; every user cured. 12 doses 1/-, or free sample, penny stamp. Wonderful testimonials. Write to-day.—Konvo Mfg. Co., 63 Hunslet New Road, Leeds.

"Small Gardens; And How to Make the Most of Them," by Violet Biddle, is just the book for those desirous of procuring the best possible results from their gardens; post free for 1/2 from The Publisher (S.G. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

No Rent.—One halfpenny spent on a post-card will save you many pounds. Send card mentioning "Pearson's Weekly" to Manager, 73 Bishopsgate Street Without, London, for illustrated booklet giving particulars as "How to Live Rent Free."

New Cure for Bronchitis and old coughs. Free sample, 1d. stamp.—Camloids Co., Southport.

Simpson's Peroxide for Golden Hair. Extra strong, 1/1, post free.—Simpson, Chemist, Ashton-under-Lyne.

£5 per Week easily earned by advertisement writers. Prospectus free. Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. Y), 195 Oxford Street, London, W.

Appreciated Presents.—£2 2s. Enlargements for 5s. 6d. Your portrait beautifully enlarged and mounted on superb plate, with sunk mount, 24 by 18 inches. Cannot fade. Send photo and P.O.—Photo Reproduction Co., 43 Second Avenue, Leeds.

Gent's Fourfold Collars at manufacturers' prices, 2/- half dozen, carriage paid. Illustrated list post free. All orders executed per return of post.—W. W. Totty & Co., 74 Gathorne Street, Leeds.

Cigar Bands.—Artistic decoration for Plaques, Vases, etc.; 100 assorted in packet, post free, 1d.—Jackman, 67 Renfield Street, Glasgow.

It is not often that one hears of two brothers meeting after having been separated for more than fifty years. J. I. tells me of such a meeting which has just taken place between two Dumfries-shire men—Thomas and David Leslie, natives of Eaglesfield, near Annan. Thomas, the elder of the two, left Scotland in the fifties and settled in Canada and is now on a visit to the old country. The brothers are both hale and hearty, Thomas being in his 83rd year, and David in his 78th. They were born in the lodge at the entrance of Springkell, and peculiar indeed must have been the feelings of the brothers as they gazed again together on the scenes of their childhood's days.

A. V. C. writes: "Thank you for the benefit I have received from your article series on "How to be Healthy." I lead a rather sedentary life, and have to resort to home exercises, which, for the past few years, have been dumb-bells, which have done very little or nothing for me. Since, however, your articles have appeared, I have followed them carefully, doing the exercises twice a day, and the benefits I have received make me feel under an obligation to you."——This is a sample letter of many scores which I have received since the series of Physical Culture articles started in *P.W.* If you do not enjoy the best of health, it is possible that what you need is a course of sensible exercises. You should, therefore, get the back numbers of *P.W.* containing the earlier exercises in this series and follow out the instructions given. The performance of the exercises only takes a few minutes a day, and is, therefore, no encroachment on your ordinary time.

A. H. H. has a bright shorthand clerk. The other day he was dictating a letter to a printer in which the following sentence occurred: "Inclosed please find proof, which, with the elimination of the 's' indicated, is quite correct." The clerk rendered this: "Inclose please find proof, which, with the 'illumination' of the 's' indicated, is quite correct." When A. H. H. called the clerk's attention to the error, he replied, "Well, that is correct. You wished to *lighten* the word by removing the letter 's,' so what's the matter with 'illumination'?"——Ingenious, certainly, A. H. H., but for our own part, we should have frowned a bit at the clerk. His light and airy wit would not have lightened the mistake, however natural.

T. A. experiences a difficulty in placing in their proper order the letters *e* and *i* in words where these two letters have the sound of *ee*, as in *believe* and *receive*. "When do you put *e* first and when *i*?" he asks in desperation. "I get into a thorough muddle sometimes. Isn't there some simple rule?"——All rules about our spelling are fairly simple, according to my foreign friends; it's the exceptions that puzzle one. Here is a simple rule for you, and for all those who experience the same trouble; it is expressed in a couplet, to make it more easy to remember:

Put *i* before *e*
Except after *c*.

Of course, there are exceptions! Here are two: *Seise* and *weird*. The latter is not often used, so you need only remember the former.

RESULT OF THE "RIDDLE" COMPETITION.

A penknife has been sent to each of the following:

Mrs. M. A. Hogsden, Rectory Lane, Ashtead, near Epsom; W. Jowett, Denfield House, Wheatley, Halifax; Miss A. Beecher, 29 Wyeliffe Road, South Wimbledon; Cpl. S. Alexander, R.G.A., Courthouse, Carrickfergus, Belfast; F. G. Jeary, 6 Manor Road, Mundesley-on-Sea; C. B. Wicksteed, 1 Aunington Road, Fortis Green Avenue, Muswell Hill; W. Wood, 54a High Street, Leven, Fifeshire, Scotland; H. Wiseman, 77 Hoole Road, Chester; I. F. Swaine, The Bridge, Frome; S. Bell, 11 The Shrubberies, Woodford, N.E.; W. White, 1a Severn Road, Canton, Cardiff; M. Mackenzie, 56 Viola Street, Bootle, Liverpool; R. Gregory, 17 Victoria Avenue, Alma Park, Levenshulme; R. Laws, 14 Roman Road, South Shields; T. Miniati, Penketh, near Warrington; R. Martin, 95 Ulsterville Gardens, Belfast; G. Parker, 40 Carlton Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; B. H. Watson, 72 Lincoln Road, East Peterborough; J. K. Gillies, Glenmore, London Road, Salisbury; A. Thomson, Welltown, Couper Angus, N.B.; A. S. Mason, 4 Holland Street, Fairfield, Liverpool; T. Spencer, Holly Nook, Sarisbury Green, Southampton; W. Carter, 27 Queen's Road, Southport; A. Williamson, 42 Montgomery Street, Edinburgh; A. H. Briggs, jun., care of Rosebank, Berkhampstead.

The penknives reserved in the "Kingly" Competition for readers residing outside the limits of the British Isles have been won by:

Mrs. R. Wilkinson, Simpang, Soerabaija, Java; T. F. Johnson, Cecil Street, Williamstown, Victoria, Australia; Private I. Macpherson, 1st West Yorkshire Regt., Quetta, Beluchistan; J. W. Evans, The Club, Kenilworth, Kimberley, South Africa; George Northam, P.O., Box 651, Cape Town, South Africa; Fred. Hodgson, Leribe, Basutoland, South Africa; Sergt. J. M. Evans, Aden Section, I. S. M. Corps, Aden; R. M. Willmot, P.O., Box 1,032, Johannesburg, South Africa; Lance-Sergt. Chas. Nash, Shropshire Regt., Ranikhet, India; T. W. Babbage, 185 King William Street, Adelaide, South Australia.

"I am in the habit of cycling without my hat," writes N. W. "How should I recognise a lady on passing her?"——I should advise a very broad smile—not an inane one—and a slight bow, accompanied by a graceful gesture of the hand. This should be executed skilfully, as otherwise you might collide or fall off the machine, which the lady might think a bit too effusive a greeting on the part of a mere acquaintance.

This week a gold-plated pencil-case will be given to each of the twenty-five readers who sends in what the Editor considers the best sentence, the words of which commence with the letters MOTORBICYCLE in their correct order. The sentences must describe the bicycles in some way. All attempts should be written on post-cards, addressed to The Motor Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and sent so as to arrive not later than by first post on Thursday, September 1st. Only one sentence may be written on a post-card. Picture post-cards are preferred. Those received will be sent to the children's hospitals after judging. Any competitors who wish to send their attempts under cover may do so provided they inclose a few stamps for the Fresh Air Fund.

No, Pessimist, I do not think that the age is degenerate, or in any way worse than the age just gone. I cannot discuss this old-fashioned subject at length, but I can tell you that, ever since the creation of the world, it has been the habit to lament the "good old days," and to say that the world is going to the dogs. There are more people engaged in saying so at present, because there are a great many more wise writers on the market now than formerly, and many more publications in which they can express their views. But the world remains very much the same as it did. We may have a group of extravagances, faults and follies peculiar to this time of grace, but so also did our fathers fifty years ago, and so will our descendants fifty years hence. Every age has its special faults, and its special virtues. In the sixties people used to wear long side whiskers, stove pipe hats, and atrociously ugly costumes, and ladies walked about in crinolines, and had a hideous way of dressing their hair. The philosophers of that age said "modern fashions were hideous," and accordingly wrote about the death of good taste in the land. But not many years elapsed before such unpleasant devices were abolished, and nobody can deny that the present fashions are infinitely more becoming. So, too, if there is anything specially wrong with any of our habits at the present day, rest assured that the next generation will shake them off, and start some fresh enormity of their own.

A. E. F. writes to tell me that when in Rhyl recently he saw two sand castles made by children on the beach in aid of the Fresh Air Fund. One, a model of Port Arthur, was a very elaborate affair, with wooden soldiers, and guns trained on the harbour, and a model of a battleship below. The other, Aladdin's cave, was ingeniously constructed, and had a fountain of real water playing all day. In the evening they were illuminated with candles and coloured screens. Visitors, as they pass, drop money into a box, and as much as a sovereign a day has been taken.——This is a most excellent idea, and I commend it to the industrious little workers who are now flocking the sands on our seaside resorts all over the Kingdom. It is a capital idea to build sand castles and forts, and a still more excellent idea to utilise these masterpieces of workmanship for the benefit of those little slum children who have never enjoyed the delights of digging in the sand.

Every year a large number of little ones owe their outing to friends abroad, particularly to readers in Cape Colony. Mr. Batt, of Port Elizabeth, this year has not only himself collected, but has induced his friends to do so, with the result that the splendid sum of £32 15s. has come to hand. "Port Elizabeth" Day will take place on September 7th, when over 400 happy excursionists will send up a mighty shout for their benefactors over the sea. Well done, Port Elizabeth! May you always have a kindly interest for the slum children of the Mother Country.

The following Special Days take place this week in connection with the Fresh Air Fund: "Pasquin Leroy" Day, August 26th; "Simon's Town Masonic Club" Day, August 29th; "Malta" Day, September 1st.

Amount previously acknowledged, £2,516 3s. 6d.

Percy, Jim, Harry, and Tom Sobworth, 12s. 6d.; Sandgall, 2s.; S. O., London, 2s.; "Landster," 1s.; F. Dilnot, 3s.; H. W. C., 4s. 6d.; C. D., 1s. 6d.; The Coterie, 15s.; G. S., £2; M. H. T., £1; E. Campbell, £1; Jock A., 5s. 6d.; Miss Norton, 2s.; "Commercial," 10s. 6d.; Mrs. Spencer, 2s.; J. S. and J. T. M., 4s. 6d.; Mrs. Robinson Embury, £2; F. Huddleston, 1s. 6d.; The Cheriton Otter Hunt, £1 1s.; Sympathiser, Liverpool, 4s.; Gr. H. Baskcomb, 10s.; Dovercourt, 2s.; J. B. Nichols, 5s.; One and a Third, 1s.; R. Whitehouse, 1s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. Boy, 1s. 6d.; Miss Maurice, 3s.; Broadford, 9d.; J. S., 4s. 6d.; Anon., 9d.; E. Barker, 10s. 6d.; R. W. Quaile, 1s.; F. Puddy, 1s.; M. H., 1s. 6d.; J. White, 1s.; M. Taylor, 2s.; R. Wild, 6d.; R. Thomas, 2s. 6d.; Belindar, 2s.; Gabrielle, 5s.; Anon., 2s.; Obolus, 10s. 6d.; The Anti-Slang League, 2s. 9d.; J. F., 1s. 6d.; L. Pilbeam, 1s. 4d.; S. Harris, 1s.; J. S., Edinburgh, 2s. 6d.; R. W. Rogers, £1; Anon., 10s.; H. S. C., 10s. 6d.; W. H. H., Bolton, £5; D. L. W., 4s.; G. Bawden, £2 12s.; Mr. Cave and Friend, 5s.; J. Casson, 3d.; R. Lamb, 3d.; R. Simmons, 6d.; M. Vezey, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C. Riches, 10s.; Anon., Plymouth, 3s.; E. E. S., 1s. 6d.; Baby Joan, 5s.; Mrs. Clegg, 10s. 6d.; J. C. Deverell, £5; A. B., 5s.; S. D. Stevens, 2s. 6d.; J. Dunchars, 10s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Hartley, 2s.; A. Caldicott, 1s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. Harford, 10s.; K. B., 3s.; Anon., 10s.; A Friend, 5s.; Kenneth, 2s. 3d.; H. and K. L'Amie, 9d.; J. McRoberts, £1; Anon., 1s. 6d.; T. Dunn, £1; The Halfpenny Club and Library, £1; Donald and Ina, 2s.; E. M. Rowe, 10s.; Mrs. Carson, 9d.; G. M. Roberts, 2s.; Workman, 1s.; R. B., Belfast, 1s.; In Loving Memory of Tommy, £1 2s. 3d.; A. Stallard, 3s.; Trained Nurse, 2s. 6d.; "Peggy," 10s. 6d.; Well Wisher, 1s. 6d.; Eila, 10s.; L. S. M., 2s. 3d.; Hope, 2s. 3d.; Four Shamrocks, 3s.; Mrs. Bennett, 5s.; Hetty Leverton, 1s. 6d.; Two Friends of the Children, 2s. 6d.; Anon., £3 2s.; V. E. Matcham, 5s. 6d.; R. Middlemas, 10s.; Anon., 2s.; J. Tyson, 9d.; J. Dyson, 1s.; Dibbs, 2s.; J. Proctor, 4d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Druce, 10s. 6d.; Anon., 9d.; A. M. G., 4s.; Hoe, £1 12s.; J. F. B. A., 2s.; A. M., 1s. 6d.; E. and M. Glanville, 15s.; A. E. Lock, 1s.; Gebo, 3s. 6d.; Ex-Engineers, Steamship *Dominion*, Liverpool, 5s.; Pemberton, 1s. 6d.; B. S. Martin, 2s. 6d.; Tiny Tupp, 2s. 3d.; P. Warne, 9d.; C. Taylor, 10s.; M. G., 1s.; H. C. E., £1; Anon., 2s.; Apperporth S. S. Gratuity, 1s. 6d.; E. Longson, 3s.; C. D., 1s. 6d.; R., 5s. 3d.; Philow, 5s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; M. A. P., 3s.; A. Van Raalte, 10s. 6d.; W. Karan, 10s.; G. M., Broadway, 7s. 6d.; A. Stedall, £10 10s.; Brio Heppel, 4s.; H. E. Lance, £5; Found, 2s.; Nina, 9d.; F. White, 1s. 1d.; A. G. W., 1s.; D. Hills, 9d.; C. A. P., 9d.; F. R., 1s. 6d.; Southport, 1s.; C. N. B., 1s. 6d.; F. E. F., 9d.; C. Egdaw, 1s.; Anon., 3s.; Anon., £2; J. Procter, 7s. 6d.; Walks Away Running and Tenebrosity Ward, 1s. 6d.; E. Budd, 1s. 6d.; Miss Cooper, 3s. 6d.; Mrs. McVeagh, 3s.; "Ashurst," £2 2s.; Tix, Gladys, and the Twins, 12s.; Mill Bank, 4s. 6d.; Mrs. Kettle, 2s. 4d.; R. H. J., 2s.; J. Berry, £1; J. Brown, 10s.; G. Moore, 2s.; M. G. S., £1; A. S., £1; K. and D. Lawler, 1s. 6d.

Collected.—Mrs. Newnham, 10s.; Collected in Port Elizabeth, per W. H. B., Miss G. P., £2 14s.; C. D. C., £7 6s.; V. E., £5 15s.; G. P., £4; A. G., £1 12s.; W. H., £11 8s.; Charley Savile, £1; H. E. W., 2s. 8d.; J. Martin, 10s.; A. Billingham and J. Jackson, 4s.; C. M. Carige, 7s.; L. Boam, 10s.; F. Delany, 1s. 6d.; Bugler H. Morris, 4s. 10d.; A. Rivers, 10s.; T. Beisley, 3s. 9d.; G. Webb, 4s. 6d.; J. Croad, 7s.; V. Cruttenden, 3s.; Mary Rigg, Grange Hotel, G. Over S., £1 5s. 6d.; T. Shutes, 5s. 3d.; St. Clement's Y.M.C.A., 7s. 6d.; J. White, 5s.; Boys at Moorland House School, £1; R. Snow, 10s.; Kitty Barker, 4s.; M. L. S., 4s.; F. Ormerod, 3s.; F. Malley, 2s. 3d.; E. Wicks, 2s. 3d.; Canteen of H.M.S. *Feris*, per Lieut. Bevan, £5; W. Leyfang, 5s.; C. Proctor, 8s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; J. Grundy, £1; Mrs. Giesler, 10s.; O. Sparkes, 6s.; W. Mann, 7s.; C.-Sergt. G. Cooper, 14s.; B. and C. Henderson, 10s.; Hugh Bates, 12s. 6d.; D. Stedolph, 2s. 6d.; J. C. Longman, £1 1s. 9d.; B. S. Phillips, 4s.; M. A. H., 1s.; A. W. Spring, Bristol, 11s. 3½d.; T. Brenton, 2s.; E. Tuersley, 4s.; F. Widdows, £1; E. Chipps, 7s.; Nancy Rae, 14s.; Nurse Viner, 5s.; Tynwald, 3s.; Officers and Engineers, s.s. *Clan Chisholm*, 10s.

Grand (*P.W.*) total, £2,661 11s. 3½d.

All amounts should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Fresh Air Fund, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., from whom collecting forms can be obtained.

£2,000 Insurance.

485 Claims already paid, including one of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £2,000—not for one only. £2,000 specially guaranteed by The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Limited, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 23 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Limited, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

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This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1892, Rules No. 2 and 3.

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Signature .....

Available from 6 p.m., Thursday, August 24th, 1904, until midnight, Friday, September 2nd, 1904.

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Note.—A penciloase will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

DO YOU CHEW YOUR PILLS?

From time immemorial troubles of all kinds have been likened to medicine; probably because although they are unwelcome at the beginning they frequently turn out of the greatest benefit in the end.

Many a man, in fact, has to thank the bitter draught of misfortune for clearing his path of hidden misery and sweetening and renewing his life. As no one has any right to expect to be free from worries and disappointments in this world, we are generally able to recognise a brave, strong nature by the way in which reverses are met. The late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon coined one of his neatest epigrams when speaking on this matter. He said "Never chew your pills." That was splendid advice. Dwelling on one's troubles is the surest way to distil all their bitterness. The best thing is to swallow them at a gulp. If, like Mark Tapley, one can be jolly over the proceeding, they will slip away all the more easily. Remember this:

"For every evil 'neath the sun
There is a remedy—or none.
If there is one, try and find it,
If there isn't, never mind it."

Very likely a remedy exists for your own misfortune, and only wants seeking out. Maybe, to begin with, your health is far from satisfactory and you suffer from a chronic state of "the dumps." It is your duty to alter these conditions at once in order to gain heart and pluck to face your troubles. The irksome daily tasks of life are best performed when the stomach is sound, the liver active, the blood pure, and the brain unfagged. Do not chew your pills. Swallow some of the right sort, namely—

BEECHAM'S PILLS

If you take this nerve-invigorating medicine you will be astonished and delighted at the renewal of your powers. Gloom and depression will vanish out of your life. You will be conscious of an ability to grapple with many strenuous problems which previously may have disheartened you, and you will realise that

"Man is man and master of his fate."

All this, and more than this, is within your reach if you regularly and perseveringly fortify your system with **BEECHAM'S PILLS**, which in thousands of cases have meant for others, and may mean for you, nothing less than a new lease of life.

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